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THE BOUQUET,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

JAMES SCOTT BROWN.

LANCASTER, PA.:

MURRAY, YOUNG & CO.

1858.

PHILADELPHIA :
C. SHERMAN & SON, PRINTERS.

TO THE READER.

TO THE READER.

TO THE READER.

JOIN the sweet hues and charms of buds and flowers,—

A Bouquet emblematical entwine;—

Now in the prime of life's undarkened hours,

Each heavenly grace they represent be thine.

Pureness of mind doth in the lily shine;

Roses with fragrant gratitude are sweet;

In patient buds, that wait the Spring, combine

Contentment, faith, and hope;—O, may these greet

Each happy sister virtue, and in thee all meet!

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P O E M S.

THE BOUQUET.

How oft the Spirit's care-o'erwearied powers
Turn from the Present's melancholy hours—
Turn to the Past, with pleased regret, to view
Bright, morning colors glitt'ring o'er the dew;
And Hope and Rapture sport on airy wing,
Like the wild songsters of the blossomed Spring.
Oft when the Winter's frosty fetters bind,
And the storm clamors in the evening wind,
How sweet to fill the circle round the hearth
With Converse, Friendship, Innocence, and Mirth!
Or when alone, how busy Memory calls,
Till the Past echoes from the chamber walls;
And long-fled joys, in strange and shadowy bands,
Collect around, and link their trembling hands.
Then come departed smiles,—the long-lost sound
Of death-hushed voices waves in music round;
Footsteps of Friendship tremble on the ear,
And eyes of Love are bright with rapture's tear.

Say why the wandering stream's low-murmuring tone,
The wind's deep sigh, the breeze's evening moan,
The wildwood notes that forest songsters sing,
The purple violets of the early Spring,
The shimmering brightness of the fresh young leaves,
The social swallow's gossip 'neath the eaves,
The living colors Evening paints afar,
And the soft, dewy light of vesper star,
Hold o'er the heart such sweet, enehanting power,
That Love and Memory rule the pensive hour;
With such delightful spells the Present bind,
That Thought and Feeling's concord calms the mind.
What but Association's power thus lends
Them such a charm, to sway us till life ends!
They've witnessed, and by ties, yet not their own,
Been linked with pleasures, which the soul hath known;
With all her hopes, and all her sorrows too,
And with their spells the mind doth them endue.

Still with the "Last Farewell" we take, to part,
The last fond view is pictured on the heart.
E'en what is painful, holds from habit sway;
What habit dictates, we like slaves obey.
'Twas this the aged pris'ner did constrain,
To ask his dark and narrow cell again;
When Justice gave his eyes to see the sun,
That threescore years to him unseen had run:—
When not a form he loved, nor face he knew,
Met his bewildered and inquiring view;—
When from youth's dawn, to life's last twilight scene,
He found no link to form the chain between,
There was a void in time, and in his heart,
And of his race he seemed a severed part.

With gathered brow, dim eyes, and thin, gray hair ;
 With trembling hands he thus preferred his prayer :
 " Give me my dungeon with its cold straw-bed,
 And the damp stones just arching o'er my head ;
 Its ironed door, on grating hinge, that jars,
 And its faint light, searce glimmering through the bars.
 Each rusty boss, that frowns along the door ;
 Each stone, that forms the pavement of the floor ;
 What countless times I've numbered o'er, to spend
 My weary days, till each became a friend !"

But not the Past, nor all that it endears,—
 Its voices, friendships, farewells, smiles, and tears,
 The Muse would sing ; nor warrior's fields of strife ;
 Nor fame, that's bought with human blood and life.
 Then will she roam with some dark, pilgrim stream,
 Through forests dusk beneath the midday beam ;
 And hear the vast Pacific's stormy roar,
 Break welt'ring on his Andine-barriered shore ?
 Or pause o'er ruins on the desert sand ?
 Or sing the legends of some ancient land ?
 Or wildly from the earth enraptured soar,
 With the free tempests, and the Ocean's roar ;
 And lift her eye of thought, to range afar
 O'er dark, blue fields, and gaze on every star,
 Which holds the watch of Nature through all time
 On heaven's eternal battlements sublime ?
 Nay, here the Muse awhile would sweetly rest,
 'Mid beauteous flowers, and be with fragrance blest !

Who that has pensive strayed, or weird-bound stood,
 Far in the heart of some lone, ancient wood,
 Where sings the bird ; where sports the spotted fawn,
 Free o'er the forest's violet-bordered lawn ;

Nor marked the flowery children blooming there,
 With breath as sweet, with looks as soft and fair;
 As though the garden were their regal place;—
 Here seen but seldom by a human face?
 They speak the care and goodness of their God,
 Who decks the field and lonely forest sod;
 Who clothes the grass, and the field lily too:—
 Ye faithless ones, shall He not care for you?

Roam where the wild-voiced brook sings wandering by
 Green, flower-embroidered banks,—dark shadows lie
 Contrasted with the sunbursts streaming through,
 Where the old forest shows some hints of blue;—
 Hark! music sounds; lo, forms of beauty bright,—
 Young flowers awake, to ravish with delight!
 Evangelists of Fancy's faith of yore;
 Still souvenirs of Fairyland and lore;
 Mnemonics of romance and nursery tale,—
 Of elfish revels in the moonlight pale;
 Frail kin of frailer elves; outhes, that remain;
 Genii, by cold Philosophy unslain;
 Courtiers of Oberon and fair Mab his queen,
 Who oft beheld your glories on the green,
 What time their tribes from groves, and streams, and air,
 Did to their levee in the glade repair.
 A bouquet from the blooms embalmed in mind,
 In this far, forest-hidden glade I'll bind;—
 From the Spring's dewy hours of morn I'll cull,—
 Time full of young leaves, of rich fragrance full;—
 From many a scene I'll gather on life's way,—
 Scenes dark with shadow, or with sunshine gay.

The maple, ensign of the Spring, unfurls
 A crimson banner where the water purls;—

She crowns the dogwood in bright-spotted snow,
While starred with violets gleams the ground below.
Young, lustrous green the woods around assume,
Which deepens still—a dark, delicious gloom.
The tulip-tree, her cups with honey stored,
Invites the bee to her ambrosial board.
Incense, from forest temples, pure to God,
Magnolia's flowery censers breathe abroad.
Where chiming waters lonely sing unseen,
From rock to rock, the laurel, ever green,
Throws o'er the vast, undesecrated aisles
Of sanctuary hills, her blossomy smiles.
Pure worshippers, in those green avenues
Of the cathedral wood, are flowers, whose hues
Are altar flames, their fragrant incense given,
A silent offering, undefiled, to Heaven ;—
They in this Minster stand, as they have stood,
The priests and prophets of the templed wood.
The primrose and the daisy deck the walk ;
The blue bells hang dark on their pillared stalk ;
The mosses gray, from trees and rocks depend ;
And o'er the streams the azure lilies bend.
The flamy phlox afar in scarlet glows ;
The meadow-pink unfolds, the wind-flower blows ;
And numerous shrubs, which scarce possess a name,
On their hill-shrines, enkindle odorous flame.
The humming-bird in green and crimson vest,
On buzzing wings, works at her mossy nest ;
Then o'er the expanse of grass, from that to this,
She gives each blushing flower a flying kiss.

To dark, green woods, to see where wild flowers grew,
Congenial spirits first my childhood drew ;

To cull from fern-wreathed rocks the columbine,
And by tale-telling streams the eglantine :—
Of years to come, then fairy bells, which hung
Around the dreamers, sweetest music rung.
Swift, childhood's joys, as morning's golden prime ;
Ah ! joys, you only plumed the wings of Time !
How sped those days of innocence away !
Bright, flowery days—but flowers on earth decay :
We must pursue life's sorrow-beaten track,
And to their fragrance never can go back.
Lo ! how past-haunted Memory sways the string,
Which thrills with what I promised not to sing.
Alas ! Earth's dower is but a treacherous smile—
A wintry sunburst for a little while ;
And her best joy,—her crowning, and her chief,
Is withering verdure, and a dying leaf !
The brightest hope of life's dark wilderness,
That way-worn pilgrims through this world possess,
Oft instantaneous in its desert breath,
Dies like the flower before the wind of Death.

From Nature and Occasion, burning thought
And eloquence, spontaneously are caught ;
And since no sweeter theme, no better dower
Earth claims, than e'en the frail, ephemeral flower ;
The theme I choose—'tis spotless, full of truth ;—
Hail, hopes of life ; ye counterparts of youth !
Ye love to bend o'er the fount's mossy urn,
That smiles for smiles, and beauty doth return ;
Ye love to cluster on the streamlet's side,
The Naiad guardians of the truant tide.
Where wanton brooks through quiet meadows trip,
Ye crowd their banks, the nectar waves to sip.

Where hides the dell, where to the sun the glade
Expands her breast; where mountains throw their shade;
Where vales retire; where breezy hills arise;
Where plains stretch out to meet the stooping skies;
Where waves the wild-wood, dark with primal age;
Where the hoarse torrent thunders in its rage;
O, charms of Earth—ye children meek and fair,
Ye light your smiles, and shed your odors there!
Where'er the wild bee murmurs o'er the heath,
Lured by the perfume of your fragrant breath;
Where'er the zephyr shakes his silken wing;
Where'er embowered the woodland songsters sing;
Ye rise to deck the ground, and scent the breeze;
Spangle and crown with living gems the trees.
Where'er the rock rears its dark, rugged form,
And hurls defiance to the threatening storm;
Where'er the inland wave's transparent breast,
Heaves gently to the wind, that soothes her rest;
And sky, and cloud, flower, forest, bird, and bee,
Expand, bloom, live, in the lake's scenery,
Where the rough, mountain landscape gains new charms,
Enfolded softly in her watery arms;—
Where'er the river rolls his mighty course;
Where'er the shore repels the ocean's force;
Where'er the prairie waves its boundless green,
There ye are dwellers, peopling every scene.
There tell of hope and love—there prompt our faith;
And bid us humbly trust in Him, who saith,
“I will not leave you, never will forsake:”
Then, way-worn wanderer, strength and courage take.
Where'er the ruin, desolate and old,
Rises, a spectre on the desert wold;

Where'er the city's sepulchre may be ;
Where'er the abbey sinks to Time's decree ;
Sweet, hopeful flowers, your forms there wildly bloom,
Like joyful Virtue rising from the tomb :
Bloom round gray homesteads and deserted halls,
Where oft on past years pilgrim Memory calls ;
While all is still, while all is sad and lone,
Till Silence answers, that our friends are gone ;—
Till Evening's wind, a sighing mourner, strays,
And Echo makes response for other days.

Where the fond, filial ivy long hath wound,
Her arms, our childhood-sheltering oak, around ;
Where silent Solitude usurps the gloom ;
Hail, favorite flowers, and many a nameless bloom !
Ye live like Goodness, lovely though alone ;
And placid, like Contentment, though unknown.

Wakeners of feeling, and long-slumbering thought ;
Oft ye the faded past to mind have brought.
Who has not felt the spell of some loved flower ;
The sweet memento of a parting hour ?
Who has not long with strange enchantment viewed
Love's token sweet, and heard fond vows renewed ?
In deeply pensive mood, with folded hands,
The Past's lone guardian, faithful Memory stands ;—
With sweetly melancholy smile, surveys
The fairy lights and shades of long-gone days ;
And looking back, she'll musing linger long,
To hear the echoed music of their song ;—
To breathe their odor, and their hues behold,
As when their buds of hope did erst unfold.
Would childhood stay ! oh, were we ever young !
By love and scorn, doubt, change, and grief unstung !

O Time ! return, for all that manhood dowers,
The fragrant wealth of ehildhood's fresh young flowers ;
Sweet Thoughts, which lived on blossoms of the Spring,
While May-dewed Hours daneed round—an am'rous ring !

The past reeedes with all its joys and pains,
And tints of softer loveliness still gains :
Sorrow is lost in shades, and to the view,
Each joy is colored with a borrowed hue.
Yea, e'en Hope's wrecks, that once begat alarm,
Steal from departed years a hallowed charm.
As the old, ivied homestead, time endears,
Which grows more beautiful with parting years,—
When moonlight's deep enchantment o'er the streams,
And green woods, floats—a drapery of sweet dreams ;
How magie-like the Ruin lifts her head ;
Her every mould'ring age-stain ehanged or fled.

Remembered joys and sorrows, if refined—
Transformed to Spirits by th' alchemie mind,
Shake off Time's dust,—defy Oblivion's shade ;
And all their lineage is immortal made :
Compared to these, flowers, you're like morning dew
Compared to diamonds of eternal hues !

Green woodlands' leafy murmurs, and the seream
Of the wild jay, the falling of a stream ;
The deep, far-seeming moan of melting love,
Which speaks the sorrow of the lonely dove ;
Then the majestie hush, and wide repose,
When not a zephyr through the forest blows ;
When on the hills, and in the dales, the flowers
Sleep on their stems, and dream of fairy bowers ;—
Each various sound, and seene, maintains its law
To sway the mind with rapture, or with awe ;

To fill the soul with thought, the heart with love ;
Or bid the memory up Time's eurrent rove.—
These are thy seenes, O Earth ! I feel their power,
With childhood linked by many a gathered flower !

The broad, blue skies are decked with stars aboon ;
Green Earth's as luminous with flowers in June :
To her wide forest glooms, as stars to Night,
Are flowers, with their sweet smiles of softest light.
Kind, amiable sisterhoods, I see you stand,
The sylvan genii of this shady land !
Tutors of our best thoughts, our happiest days,—
Oft have ye taught our hearts in wisdom's ways !
Oft have ye led our pcaeeful steps afar
From the World's strife, and our own passions' war !
And still our better hours ye will engage,
With meet instructions for life's every age.
Symbols of scorn, pride, friendship, and disdain ;
Prompters of hope, and joy ; despair, and pain ;
Ye speak the dialects of every clime,—
Tongues of the heart, through all the course of time !
Ye speak of more than a full harvest Horn,
Prophets of years to come, and life unborn ;
Ye tell of fadeless flowers, and echangeless skies ;
And seenes Hope's sister—Faith, doth realize !

You crown the bowl, and strew the couch of death ;
Droop o'er the grave, and form the bridal wreath ;
Your grateful sweets, hope, faith, and love combine,
In votive garlands round Religion's shrine.
Your leaves are filled with truth,—and holy thought
Breathes from your lips, and in your lines is wrought.
Earth's poetry,—lost Eden's eechoed chimes,
That held harmonious sway in golden times,—

When Earth was young—long ere the subject heart
Confessed the power of numbers formed by Art ;—
Breathed sentiments of love, and sorrow, long
Before the ballad, and elegiac song ;
And still their thoughts and imagery are drawn
From you, traditionists of wood and lawn !
Ye speak pure eloquence, and fadeless truth,—
Types of Mortality ! images of Youth !
Emblems of Virtue, Hope, and Faith sublime !
Dials of seasons, and the flight of time !
Ye mark the changing months, as they appear ;
True annalists of each revolving year !
Then, from the op'ning buds, and closing flowers,
O, may we learn to count life's fleeting hours !

Children ye are, alike of sun and shade ;
Peopling the garden, and the forest glade :
Ye deck each scene, frequented or unknown ;
The wildwood path, romantically lone ;
The cultured field ; the cool and shadowy bower.
Companions of my childhood's brighter hour,
How your sweet smiles come back from days of yore ;—
Cold be my heart, when I love you no more !
Children of mountain, vale, and desert sod,
Ye breathe your fragrant gratitude to God !
Stars of the Earth ! indexes to the sky !
Guides, through this wilderness to homes on high !
Cheerers of Sorrow ! lights on Time's dark shore,
Beaconing through tempest, and life's ocean roar !
God's manuscript, and prophecies, still given,—
Bright letters, sent to man on Earth, from Heaven !
So grateful, transitory, fair, and weak,
Oh, with what eloquence to man you speak !

“Behold your God, in leaf, flower, herb, and rush,
Whom Moses saw in Horeb’s burning bush !
Unmixed by man, what God in us reveals,—
The uncopied Scriptures of the woods and fields !”

Soft sounds the breeze in the leaves overhead ;
The brook is dancing down his pebbly bed ;
Hark, to celestial strains in this old wood !
What heaven-toned organ thrills its solitude ?
’Tis but the morning wind among the trees,
Which spread their green locks out upon the breeze,—
That hang their dewy pearls on high, and throw
Cosmetics round them like the rainbow’s glow ;
While far in heaven the mounting mist assumes
The dyes of a departing angel’s plumes.
Aurora oped Morn’s gates—Morn’s threshold crossed,—
Those gates all golden-barred, all pearl-embossed ;
All amber-stained, all garlanded, and wreathed
With rosy flowers, and aroma she breathed !
Eve’s irised rays from hilltops sweetly fade,
And see the skies with gems and gold inlaid ;
Thin clouds, like curls of flame, light up the even,—
Their fires reflected, warm the southern heaven :—
These hues expire, and shades in mantles brown,
Like giants from the hills, are stalking down.
All sounds are hushed, and Peace reigns far and wide,
While sleep the moonbeams on the hill’s green side,—
Sleeps dreamingly, the moonlight on the hill ;
The Air has not a breeze, the Earth is still ;
Th’ horizon’s silvery clouds, just intervene,
To veil some stars, and hide the blue serene ;—
What witching light on all the landscape glows,
And Nature smiles in soft and deep repose !

All sounds are hushed, all save the cock's shrill blast,
That tells the watches, till the night is past ;
All save the cricket's chirp, the watch-dog's bay,
The stream's low murmur, on its far-off way ;
All save that sigh, as through the slumb'ring groves,
The peaceful spirit of the wind still roves ;—
From heavenly climes if Earth has yet a guest,
A night like this is with his visit blest.
Those subtle colors of the evening air ;
Those charms ethereal, morn's light vapors wear ;
Night's tenuous mists, that flimsy wings expand
With moon-tipped radiance, white o'er meadow-land ;
And the bow's magic beauty, where each hue
Of light plays, are surpassed, fair flowers, by you !
The poetry of Earth ! her living gems !
Brighter than those in regal diadems ;—
Brighter than those, where waves in cloudless west,
Eve's crimson banner o'er Day's dying breast ;
Where through her carmine, and her violet dyes,
She lingers long in California's skies.
Air, earth, and waves, to flashing jewels turn,
And round, and round, the mountain summits burn ;
Glow, till th' Hesperian orange tints decay
On the blue waters of Francisco Bay.

Ye shine when Spring arrays the woods and plains
In green, when proud, imperial Summer reigns ;
When Autumn comes in robe of various dye,
By Pallas wove in yonder western sky,
At sunset, 'mid the clouds,—each thread she drew
Through melting light, of every changing hue.
Ye watch your lover's progress in the sky,
And court his golden kisses amorously :

With folded charms and fragrant tears ye mourn,
Till, blush for blush, Dawn's rosy smiles return.

The dewy Evening, calm in golden rest,
'Mid all her pomp of clouds, sits in the west ;
There is a whispery silence on the hill,
Where shines Eve's star—Love's star, so sweetly still !
So softly beautiful ! and with a sigh
Light-footed Zephyr all unseen trips by !
Star of the West, benignant o'er the free
Thy beams are shed ! Hail, Land of Liberty !
Where beck'ning Hope, with smiling face, doth stand ;
How bright the op'ning flow'ret in her hand !
The shades of Power would hide from mankind's sight,
The cheering beams of Liberty's pure light ;
And, like dark clouds upon some mountain slope,
They lower to shroud the Morning Star of Hope !
But as the mountain's bosom, darkly deep,
Holds fires volcanic, in a dreadless sleep ;
So Thought's pent fires wait in calm slumberings,
Their earthquake hour, to rock the thrones of kings !

Land of the West ! I greet thy virgin charms !
The oppressed and weak seek thy protecting arms :
Thy sylvan orator, with patriot breath,
Cries, " Give me liberty, or give me death !"
Yes, Liberty, with thee I'd seek my home,
Where'er thy tyrant-hunted footsteps roam ;
To the dread desert, or the mountain cave
I'd fly with thee, or cross the Arctic wave,
To shores, that every horror dark deforms—
A land of snows, and ever-raving storms !
Though Desolation grim the desert trod,—
Though lone the polar land,—ruled by the god

Of winds,—though Clamor with rebellious arms
Leagued loud Uproar, Confusion, and Alarms ;
I'd live with thee where rudest scenes abound ;
Where torrents roar, and cataracts fall profound ;
Where cliffs ascend, and dizzy steeps sink low ;
And savage glooms o'er dells black pine woods throw :
Where winds with winds on mountains wage their wars ;
And cloud-despising peaks converse with stars !
Or place me on some solitary shore,
Where ocean-waters and free tempests roar ;
In some sparred cavern, let me there reside
Soothed by the lonely murmurs of the tide ;—
Watch the wild storm black-gathering o'er the waves ;
Hear hollow sounds rise from old Ocean's eaves ;
While vapors blue quench the sun's ruddy light,
And hurry with a scowl the sable-vested Night.

Companion of the brave, O Liberty !

The Pilgrims sought these ice-bound shores with thee ;
Left their warm hearthstones and their sires' green graves
To tempt the terrors of th' Atlantie's waves.
The tempest to those wand'ers chased, forlorn,
Comes oft on Midnight's wings of blackness borne ;
Oft lonely watch they kept, nor felt dismayed,
When Winter leagued with darkest night-born Shade.
No playful zephyr sported on the wave ;
But loud and wild the Boreal blast did rave :
The distant sun awoke no fav'ring breeze,
When Morn's red spear smote the blue buckler of the seas.

The rock, a wild of snow, and leafless wood,
Wait to receive them from the icy flood ;—
Stern Winter waits, with long, dark, frozen hours,—
No welcome smiles of ever-cheering flowers.

The forest, which portentous shadows cast,
Afar resounded to the northern blast ;
Involving snows deep-mantled o'er the ground,
And angry Ocean rolled his thunders round ;
Winds from their polar prisons issued forth,
And clouds on clouds drove from the black'ning North :
Fierce Boreas, raging with resistless sway,
The forest's withered honors bore away ;—
The shattered foliage in the whirlwind flies ;
Or mould'ring on the ground with dead flowers lies.

How the scene changes with the changing year !
Flowery attendants of the Spring appear !
Heralds of Hope ! ye, as your buds expand,
Proclaim the future glories of the Land ;—
Glories unlike your own, ye types below,
Of fadeless hues in Freedom's sky that glow !
Sweet to the vision, each soft splendor reigns,
Like stars ascending midnight's azure plains.

As at the Spring's enchantment flowers arise,
On every hill, that greets her genial skies ;
In every vale kissed by her ardent beam ;
In every grove, by every mazy stream ;
So cities rise o'er all this forest land,
As at the touch of the magician's wand !
'Tis night, and all is wilderness—'tis day,
And boundless woods have passed like dreams away !
Lo ! many a city in the glassy lakes,
Amid New England's hills her image makes :
By the sea wave, and on the mounts elate,
The thriving marts proclaim the growing State,
That grasps with giant strength on either hand,
Th' Atlantic shore, and rich Pacific strand.

Deep in far western bowers of virgin green,
Reclines the pioneer to muse unseen ;
Where sibyl Echo tireless parrots o'er
Her knowledge, caught from Nature's ample lore ;—
Familiar sounds all unalarmed repeats,
For Art has ne'er disturbed her still retreats.
Seated on mossy, water-dripping stone,
Answering the singing waves in merry tone,
And the gay, rainbow-coated nymphs, that call
In sprightliest mood from dashing waterfall ;
Or from the sparry grot, or cave's black shade,
Responding to the solemn murmur made,
When hanging horrors of the mountain wood,
Nod in the wind, and awe the dancing blood.
Far on the frontier, hark ! the herald bee
Proclaims the fleet-foot march of Industry ;
Of cultured Taste, and all that Art procures,
Of social life, and blessings it insures.
And standing on some flower-invested mound,
How wide, how rich, the prospect spreads around !
Fit for a mighty people, wise and free,—
The Country's great, so let the nation be !
Great in her rivers, mountains, lakes, and plains,
And where the forest's boundless silence reigns !
O'er these green palaces, from tree to tree,
The vines suspend their living tapestry ;
Innumerable columns gracefully festoon—
Wreath forest halls, and many a vast saloon ;—
And when the woods the Autumn-dyed robes drape,
Load them with dark-blue clusters of the grape.

There the elk bears aloft his beamy head ;
The huge, rough bison roams with thund'ring tread ;

The wild deer troop o'er the broad prairie's face ;
And bounds the antelope with native grace,
Fleet as the wind, like unsubstantial shade,
A visionary form, that starts, to fade.
Like ocean spread, still round and round is seen
The prairie's dark, interminable green ;—
Image of freedom ! where the spirit wind
Rolls grassy waves, unchecked, and unconfined !
Type of infinitude ! flower-starred, e'en where
The soul respire exhilarating air !

Gardens of Nature ! where her wondrous hand
Spreads countless charms o'er the vast flowery land !
What wide domains fringed by the forest trees,
Flaunt their gay blossoms waving to the breeze !
What graceful groves, what woodlands greet our eyes ;
Lawns slope between, and airy uplands rise !
Lo ! the wild honeysuckle clothes in bloom
Far hills of sunny light, and stars the gloom
Of the deep forest's loneliness, where broods
Beauty's dream-spirit in charmed solitudes !

Hark ! while the Twilight reigns o'er vale and hill—
Yon sylvan sorceress—the whippoorwill !
And lo ! the phosphor fires on yon dim stream,
Which roves green meadow-lands with ghostly gleam !
How the pool sparkles ; green leaves glow with flame ;
The meadows next quick lighten with the same !
'Tis those innoxious insect tribes, whose fires
Flash for an instant and their spark expires.
Thus through Time's night, Ambition, Wealth, and Fame,
Wilder our dazzled minds with but a transient name !

Long from his home the wand'rer has been gone ;—
Far in some savage wild, benighted, lone,

He couches now ; th' unexiled mind doth roam
Still restless, to the quiet, village home ;
And his dear bosom-partner still he sees,
Still hears her sighs of sorrow in the breeze :—
As when he left her full of griefs and fears,
Sees that long, last, dim, sorrowing gaze through tears,
When long he lingered,—went,—and ling'ringly
Looked back, his home for the last time to see ;—
His humble cottage,—the flowered yard around,
And to the spring the shaded path which wound ;—
These, pictured in clear lines of thought, he sees,—
Each field, each copse, and the old, homestead trees.
Deep in unbroken wilds of tangled shade,
Weak, tired, watch-worn, and far from human aid,
He rests, where genii-guarded streamlets start
Far in the lonely forest's midnight heart ;
And grief-bewildered there on leaves reclined,
Heart-sick he listens to the rising wind.
Dark grows the night, invaded by no beam,
Save horrid lightning's instantaneous gleam ;—
Vapors hang hov'ring o'er the bowing woods,
And dark-brown shadows seem to fall in floods.
The Storm ascends on one hand black and dense,
And on the other forests spread immense ;
The clouds roll up in blacker, quiv'ring fits,—
On their red bulwarks lurid thunder sits,
Discharging wrath in hail and arrowy fire ;
But soon its metcor energies expire.
Still, still ! home's sweet remembrances arise,
While Hope's wings sink, and sorrow dims his eyes !
He sleeps,—in dreams his children's pranks are seen
Beneath his favorite trees, or on the green.

But home and him between States interpose,
And mountains swell, and many a water flows;
There Autumn-irised, melancholy woods
Stretch on and on in deep'ning solitudes,
Embossed with flowers; a grassy ocean here,
Which fires autumnal have not yet made sere,
Rolls glowing waves, as lonely winds blow free,
O'er the dim prairies roving boundlessly.
Thus does the love of stern Adventure woo,
Through barb'rous lands the traveller to pursue
Her steps;—past dangers, toils, and pains despise,
When higher peaks conceal far, foreign skies;—
And as more wild each dell, more lone each glade,
As deeper forests cast a browner shade;
E'en there, frail, flowery children of the wood
Bespeak a Parent's care in solitude!

Wide this deep, silent solitude is:—Hark!
Where giant forests frown, with cent'ries dark,
Steals from the grass-hid ruin, and the mound,
A low, a deep, a strange, prophetic sound!
“Father of Waters, those green shores you lave,
Forbid to answer to your winding wave;
And fair Ohio, rolling proud along,
Suspend awhile your greeting waves of song!
Low, melancholy wind, suppress that sigh,
And let me hear its sibyl-like reply!”
“Here kingdoms rose, did flourish, and did fade;
Here states were formed, and empires here decayed;
Frail as the flowers, which emblem glories spread
O'er sepulchres of mighty nations dead.”

As the lone, patriarch tree looks far around,
Where all his monarch-mates with leaves were crowned,

Where the wind swayed the sylvan multitude,
And blossomy billows broke through all the wood ;—
Where their tall forms waved countless arms on high,
And their green heads rose proudly towards the sky ;—
Sees where they stood, all shadowless and bare,
Himself the sole—the sad survivor there :
So, by Missouri's stream, behold him stand,
The Indian sachem of a perished band,
Watching the sun o'er yonder shining hills,
Descend and set, while Winter evening chills.
Oft Summer's rays from Ozark he has seen,
Dye all in purple, orange, red, and green ;
For o'er the aged, venerable man,
A thousand moons since infancy began,
Have rolled, till Time has shed his signet snow
On the thin tresses of his furrowed brow.
Where o'er the Evening's land the vesper star,
Benignant rules Hesperian climes afar ;
Where mighty rivers join their affluent powers
In the broad bosom of a world of flowers ;
Father of Waters, on thy shores we trace
His blighted form,—the last of all his race !
Soon to those " happy hunting grounds," which lie
Behind white clouds in yon southwestern sky,
He'll pass, to join his fathers' spirit band,
Where fadeless blooms gleam o'er the sunny land :—
In that green world, not by descending snow,
He'll count the years, nor as flowers fade and blow.

Bellona's ardors now no more inspire,
Stern, warrior statesmen round their council fire ;
Alike their quenched, their noteless ashes given
Cold-cddying to the careless winds of heaven.

In vast, majestic, sylvan capitol,
By Nature reared, they found a council hall,
Pillared with aged oaks, its dome of green
Dark leaves, where forest senates might convene.
Thence oft in fell and stealthy rage they came,
And yelling gave the hamlet to the flame ;—
'Twas like the bursting of a thunder cloud
On midnight's silence, growing wild and loud !

Like elust'ring blossoms of the tree, apace
They waste, they die, before the white man's face ;
Like their own forest flowers, they fade away,
Perish like night-dreams in the light of day ;
As o'er the skies clouds pass, o'er prairies flame,
They vanish from the earth without a name.

Should Age in sad review retrace his years,
And mark life's dim receding scenes through tears ;
And Youth inquire the meaning of his sigh,
Thus Time-companioned Memory prompts reply,—
“ Not of the Spring tell me, of Morn's prime hours,
Of Youth's delights, and all my faded flowers ;
What the World promised when my life was new ;
All which on bankrupt, future years I drew ;
For hopes were like th' untimely flowers that blow
Amid Autumnal foliage, ere the snow !
Nor tell me of the Morning's rosy skies,—
The Evening's shadow on my pathway lies ;
Nor of gone days, whose pleasures all are o'er ;
Of friends, who will return to me no more,—
Whose lives were gentle as a Summer breeze—
Brief as a Summer breeze :—But wherefore these
Dull thoughts of vernal Morning's happiest prime ?
Why should I think I knew a happier time ?

A golden Summer, or a sunny day ?

Winter is round me, and my locks are thin and gray.

“ The foot of Childhood with a lightsome bound,
Now falls in flowers ; how soon the thorns will wound !
And oh ! the joy in its wild laughing tone,
How soon, alas ! how soon it will be gone !
Thus pass our youth and innocence forever,
Like crystal streams, to join some troubled river !
Then be my friend, immortal Memory !
For thou art married to Eternity !
The amaranth flower is thine, and thou dost dwell
In climes where grows the fadeless asphodel,
When Earth’s green dress fades in the Winter’s frost,
And her rich jewelry of flowers is lost !

“ My Mentor’s cold experience. Days of yore,
Where are ye fled, with Hope—your counsellor ?
When life, as the young flowers, seemed bright and fair,
And the World beckoned with a smiling air.
Life, how deceitful ; World, thou art untrue ;
Ephemeral flowers, there still is faith in you !
Playmates of Childhood, audience of its heart,
And of its life and spirit still a part !
Each Spring ye never fail my soul to thrill !
Oh, let me look ! I cannot look my fill
Of your sweet beauty ; for each joy before
By you imparted, makes me love you more !”

Delighted Childhood’s earliest love did view,
The favored flower, which in the casement grew ;
And in the garden, I remember well,
A rose bush ; often from its hidden cell,
I’ve watched the bloom unfold ; I’ve watched it fade,
And watched the leaves that dropped and then decayed.

A narrow bound did then my joys confine,—
I wish I still could call those pleasures mine :
Sweet as the flowers I gathered—even they,
Like the same flowers have perished from my way !
O, with how little pleased, if little grieved,
And what my heart then promised I believed !
All, all ! my hopes of gossamer, my fears,
And infant sorrows bursting soon in tears ;
My frostwork happiness, my rainbow schemes,
My life's first visions, best of all its dreams ;
All that I knew, all that I loved, were found
Within that world the horizon circled round ;
Just what the sky shut in of hill and lea,
Of vale and stream, the universe to me !
No doubt disturbed—how ready to believe,
Nor deemed I then that aught could e'er deceive !
Unknown the cares, the strifes, and toils of men,
Their vainer hopes,—was I not happier then ?
Yet still the sweet remembrance ne'er deceays—
Th' embalming aroma of other days ;
Nor should we o'er their dust forever grieve,
They like the Phoenix vital ashes leave ;
And all the past, but ah ! how oft with pain,
Of teeming Memory's urn is born again !
Nor should we grieve, for life's a trial given,
And we must tread th' uneven path to Heaven ;—
Evil and good, hope, sorrow, love, and strife,
Are woven in the chequered web of life ;
For who would have its thread unvarying run,
And all his days of gold and silver spun !

Sisters and brothers of my early youth,
I love you still, ye monitors of truth !

Ye tell of morning hours of hope, ye tell
Of evening hours of love,—sweet hours, farewell !—
Of many a lonely, many a social scene ;
Of many a wildwood walk, and forest green !
Ye tell of dreams indulged, until they grew
A portion of my bliss, and being too ;
Of many a pure resolve, and purpose high,
Betrayed by pleasure, and by vanity ;
Of labors unperformed, of tasks undone ;
Of many a duty Ease still sought to shun ;
Of confidence in promise-flowers of youth ;
Of innocence, fidelity, and truth,
Whose faded forms lie scattered all around,
Like pale October's foliage on the ground.
The colors, which my future being wore,
When Fane spread blue skies Life's green fields o'er,
Were not less bright than yours, were not less gay,—
Alas ! were not less swift in their decay !
Ye tell of misspent hours, of favors flown ;
Of blessings wasted, and of pleasures gone ;
Of young affections like your odors shed
Upon the wind—ye mind us of the dead !
And at the goal of life—the silent tomb,
Your smiles are still as sweet, as bright your bloom !

Ah ! smiling flowers, ye image those too true—
Those whom we've loved and lost, too much like you !
Even like the Summer flowers, their beauty's bloom
Awaited not the coming Autumn's doom ;—
Quick, as the rainbow from the Cloud's false face,
That fades away, and none can tell its place ;
The fair of Earth depart, and all their charms
Die, like the rainbow's, in the Cloud's cold arms.

O ! mourn, ye brooks, for them, and sob, ye trees,
And load with sorrow's sighs the evening breeze ;
Droop, ye sweet flowers, let Morning's tears for them,
Stain your soft cheeks, and make your bright eyes dim !

Content and innocence ye bring to mind,
Daughters of Flora and the Summer Wind :
Ye bring to mind, alas ! too oft when met,
All I have lost, and much I would forget ;
Ye point me back, through bright and brighter ways,
To skies unclouded, and to roseate days—
Days, when the uncorrupted heart still told
At every beat, a moment coined of gold !
Adieu, ye hopes ! you're fading with the flowers,
Which lost their freshness in the morning hours !
Adieu, ye loved ! adieu, ye friends, long gone !
A vain adieu ! winds have your laughing tone ;
Your smiles look up in flowers, that deck the place,
Which hides beneath, each well-remembered face !
Time hunts our steps, we still must forward tread ;
But Love and Memory linger with the dead !

Flowers fade, and so our youthful bloom decays ;
Oh ! that like theirs, 'twere spent in odorous praise !
Seasons and years with their sweet light depart ;
But leave their cold, dark shadows on the heart.
So when the Summer sun retires to rest,
Behind th' ethereal beauty of the west ;
Hue after hue with lingering Twilight fades,
Till Earth's resigned to night and dewy shades.
The sun but sinks to rise ; Spring hastes away,
But to return with leaves and flowers as gay,—
Hopes, allegories, and evangels given,—
The rich and precious promises of Heaven.

Outflaming India's gems of various hue,
Behold the grass, young Morning crowns with dew !
See, heavenward mounts the mist in silver cars ;
Yea, every mountain peak points to the stars ;
The flowers look there, and shed their censer breath,
Then die in faith triumphant over death !
Shall then no Spring with life our dust infuse,
When Phoenix Nature her green youth renews ?
Yes ! through her flowers she speaks to Human Pride,
Faithless we never lived, nor hopeless died ;
We die, yet live forever in our birth,
Thick-springing, starry memories of Earth,
Who bears the seeds of Trust within her breast,
Which yet shall grow and flower till man is blest.
Thus not from Hope alone is every hue,
Which tints the future, Memory paints it too ;
From what has been, we picture that to be,
And draw th' unscen from strong analogy.

Adieu to Fancy's clime, where vision teems
Illusory ; I must awake from dreams !
Evening's cold clouds, that wear a heated glow,
Soon lose what they to light reflected owe,—
Far, air-hung lands, like those the shepherd scanned,
Who wandering wide upon the desert's sand,
From man's green haunts, saw the enchantment rise,
Like the celestial bowers of Paradise ;—
Fountains and groves, gold palace, jewelled river,
Saw, and then Irim's gardens fled forever.
We are from dust, again to dust we go,
As rivers Ocean-born, to Ocean flow :
The Winter comes, the Summer's time how brief !
Sign of his coming, yon pale, yellow leaf ;—

Sign of our changing state, sign of our doom,
And Human Glory's transitory bloom ;
Sign of our earthly hope, our earthly fame,—
Write on the wind-swept leaf the hero's name ;—
The leaf is cast where its companions rot ;
So yesterday's immortal is forgot.

When from his noon the sun declines his ray,
And when Life's shadow turns the eastern way,—
When down that hill the years our steps constrain,
We climbed with hope the summit to attain ;
'Mid the wide prospect, near, our sobered eye
Falls on a vale, where evening shadows lie.
Then the Past opens his old image halls,—
Lo ! writ on Memory's perpetual walls,
Our copied lives, which nothing can efface,—
Our everlasting honor, or disgrace.
How blest the view, when fear and doubt give way,
And Memory's power asserts a genial sway !
An amaranthine flower her type, while she
Bestows a crown of immortality.

When the green mound thy guardian mother hides,
If in thy heart her love no more abides,—
If thou shouldst recreant prove, and yield thy heart
To Passion's sway, and to the World's false art,—
Then rising from the dead, Spring's flowers so fair,
Will reprimand thee for her slighted prayer :—
"Though in this world we never more shall meet,
May Heaven smile on thee ever deep and sweet !
Each flower—a type, bespeaks a Spring at last
In Heaven eternal, when Death's Winter's past ;
There may we meet ! O ! may that Spring be ours !
Death visits not those ever-blooming bowers."

Prompters of feeling and of memory,
 And joined with Hope and Faith in amity ;
 Links in the soul's mysterious, living chain,
 E'en flowers may vibrate to the heart a pain !
 Save cherished tenderness of sorrow's east,
 An atmosphere of fragrance round the past ;
 As when his English Daisy, Carey viewed,
 And scenes of home, in India were renewed.

Ye bind the Past and Future to agree,
 And mortal Time wed to Eternity.
 Borne on the air, invisibly afar,
 Your souls discover where your bright forms are.
 From flowered Brazil's imperial forest gloom,
 And plains all lustre with perpetual bloom ;
 From Araby and Aden's spiey bowers,
 Fly o'er the waves the spirits of the flowers,
 To greet the seaman far on Ocean's breast
 With tidings of a haven, a home, a rest.
 So ye yourselves, O flowers ! are messengers
 To man from Heaven, and angel ministers ;
 As through Earth's crowded loneliness we roam,
 Until we find at last the pilgrim's home.

The mountains and the woodland's leafy scene ;
 The plain, the hill, and valley, all have been
 Contributors, as in my wand'ring way,
 Blooms here and there I plucked for a bouquet :
 Shrined in my heart forever shall they dwell,
 With you, fair, charming flowers,—farewell ! farewell !
 Charmed with your graceful forms, your scented breath,
 O ! fairest beings in this world of death !
 Charmed with those hues in which your beauty's drest,—
 Charmed till that light you love forsakes the west,—

Charmed with your smiles until your bright eyes close,
When gray-elad Evening o'er the landscape goes ;
And as she gathers elf-shades in her train,
The world of Memory, Thought explores again,
O'er whose far, moonlit shore there sweeps along
The ocean cadence of a mystic song ;
And dusky forms in Twilight's retinue,
Pass in procession sober-faced Review ;—
The Past's dead world again to life doth rise,
Touched by Thought's lightning spirit, that ne'er dies.

Oft, whether Vice, or Virtue stamps the Past,
The mind expresses, in the features' east :
A pure impression Virtue leaves behind,
The index of a soul in thought refined ;
Above Earth's short-lived pleasures lifted high
To an immortal, glorious destiny.
Such has been known in woman's face to sway
Our darker, baser passions born of clay ;
Like Raphael's Mary, with that look serene,
Where purity ineffable is seen
In cheek imbued with rosebuds' softest dyes,
Thought-shaded brow, and sweet, sweet starry eyes—
Into whose spirit depths fond love hath gazed
With an intensity of soul, amazed
E'en at their wondrous beauty, which has caught
Its high significance from holy thought,—
A Heaven-born charm, ethereal in its kind,
Not of the lineaments, but high-toned mind.
But Sensuality's foul vapors roll
A fell malaria reeking round the soul,
And change that image God at first designed
To mark the coinage of a virtuous mind,

To woe-dark lines, which make the gazers start—
Echoes of the remorse-corroded heart ;
By which impassioned souls, clay-pent, are wrought
Into a Phlegethon of restless thought.

Like Beatrice, with effulgent eyes,
Dante's bright guardian-guide through Paradise,
May Virtue—sacred Power, our lives befriend !
Our pilgrim steps guide to a happy end ;
While Hope with fragrant flowers strews all her ways,
And Memory smiles reviewing bygone days—
Throws her reflected light on Death's dark shade—
Twilight of elimes where brighter flowers ne'er fade,
To bless the sight when Fear and Doubt do flee,
And Love and Faith assert their victory.

Affliction lifts her rod and gives the shock,
And lo ! a fount bursts from the smitten rock ;
Truth flashes most where Error most would shroud,
As lightning's brightest in the darkest cloud,—
Not like the lightning, gleaming to expire,
But bright'ning still, and still ascending higher ;—
Thus on the darkness of the soul shall stream
The Sun of Righteousness' glad rising beam—
Dispel Earth's fickle light, short days have seen,
With Sorrow's long and gloomy nights between,
The hills of Immortality illumine,
In that bright land where flowers perennial bloom.

When muffled word, or downy step reveals
Where Life's insidious foe in silence steals,—
If there, with feeble pulse and withered limb,
Age sees his wintry sun descending dim,
Or though severe are nature's dying pains,
If youth's full tide is flowing in the veins—

May Hope be found strong, cheerful, and elate,
When her Death questions at Life's postern gate ;
And Faith with heavenward glancing eye sublime,
Fixed on a world beyond the grave and time !
Then, when the soul, with holy joy and trust,
Casts her encumb'ring shackles in the dust,
How free she'll soar, exulting in her powers,
Where Eden's elimes unfold eternal flowers !

ITALY.

DAUGHTER of Beauty ! heir of Glory !
The Mother of the mighty Dead !
The proudest child of ancient Story,
The cypress and the rose are twined around thy head !

Thy dower so rich was thy undoing,
Yet ruin lovely looks in thee ;
Age-yellowed marbles round thee throwing
Fame's light, like thine own magic sunset, Italy.

Genius and beauty in thee meeting,
Wove spells the heart may not forget ;
On thee past days look back retreating,
And Time steps softly o'er thy ruins breathing yet.

Rome, Florence, Genoa, and Venice,
Replete with story and romance,
Defy Oblivion's envious menace,—
Still Tiber, Arno, and thy seas reflect their glance.

Thy glorious minds have hallowed made thee,
Idol and shrine of schoolboy dreams !
Virgil, Dante, and Tasso rayed thee
With light immortal, which o'er the heart's altar streams.

Boecaceio and Ariosto,
And Laura's lover more are cherished,
Than Cæsar, or than Cæsar's foe,
Who on the distant shore of Egypt lonely perished.

Rome ! Brutus' dagger could not save thee
From Slavery's degrading ban,
But music, painting, sculpture gave thee
A world-wide empire o'er the mind and heart of man.

Of Raphael and Alfieri,
And he, who planned St. Peter's dome,
Fame and the Muse are never weary,—
Far mightier conquerors they, than Cæsars of Old Rome.

Go read the Eternal City's story,
When high in heaven the moon doth climb,
And o'er the Titan ruins hoary,
Gigantie shadows stalk, upbraiding deaf Old Time.

And since the Sibyl's leaves are scattered,
And she is gone, her power o'erthrown,
The Wind has gathered them all tattered,
And mutters o'er this grave of nations like that erone.

Yet Apenninus rises greenly ;
Po wanders to the Doge's bride ;

Thy deep, blue skies still smile serenely ;
But Liberty abandoned thee, and thy strength died.

Romantie Tivoli's still singing
To Dryads couched in myrtle shade ;
Still the same sunbright waves are flinging
Their ringlets on that shore where injured Scipio strayed.

The water's o'er the marble mourning ;
But where is Numa's mystic guide ;
Mont Etna keeps his watch-fire burning
Proudly on high, but where is stern old Cato's pride ?

Daughter of Beauty ! heir of Glory !
The Mother of the mighty Dead !
The favorite child of ancient Story,
With cypress leaves and roses twined around thy head,—

I see thee by the shore sit gazing
Far o'er the waters wide and free,
Where once was seen thy rival blazing ;
And there the gloomy shade of Marius mocks at thee !

Thou turn'st away overwhelmed with sorrow,
As he, who vowed eternal hate
To Rome, it were ;—still thou canst borrow
From Clio charms, to beautify the desolate.

Art, Science, Poesy, classic Story,—
E'en woes and wrongs have given to you,
A deathless, in an Autumn glory,
Round which an ever-lingering Echo breathes “ adieu.”

POVERTY.

I TURNED me where the miser lay,
And lo ! by him an urchin sat ;
A pinched-up, little face was his,
The duplicate of Misery's,
Where Want had hacked for many a day,
And tortured much with wrinkles old.
His form was shrivelled with the cold,
And filth and rags defiled the brat ;
Yet oft a grin satiric, where
Gold was concealed by anxious Care
He cast ; then on his back was read
A name abhorred, and loathed, and dread,—
A name the miser quaked to see,—
“ I am the Fiend of Poverty.”

SPAIN.

LAND of the deep blue, sunny sky,
Of orange flower and citron bloom ;—
Proud Mountain Land of beauty, why
Art thou obscured with gloom ?

Land of Romance and old Renown,
Where learned and brave did once resort,
When bright the lustre of thy crown,
And grand thy haughty court.

Of all thy mighty empire, Spain,
On which the sun did never set—
Of the fifth Charles's wide domain,
Say what is left thee yet?

Where is thy fame, and knightly band,
Thy honor and quick sense of wrong;
And where thy strength of arms, thou Land
Of chivalry and song?

Thy sails, which spread on every sea,
That restless Commeree dare to brave,
And winged the wealth of all to thee,
Have wasted from the wave.

And of thy gold's unbounded store,
Which made the nations envy thee,
What now remains thou must deplore—
It gilds thy poverty.

Who would have thought so low a fall,
Thy power and glory could betide;
For all which now remains—yea all
Is but the wreck of pride!

The cost of toil and blood, how vast,
To drive the Moor across the Straits;
Still one not of thy soil holds fast
With iron hand those gates!

Thy cold oppression in those elimes,
Which the World-seeker for thee won;

Thy cruel av'rice, and dark crimes,
Have thine own self undone.

Spain, still thy mountains and thy vales ;
Thy clime with golden sunshine warm ;
Thy deeds enshrined in legend tales ;
Lend thee a magic charm.

SINCE WE MET.

MANY a Winter blast has blown,
Many a Summer sun has set,
Many an Autumn leaf been strown,
Since we met !

Many a Spring has greened the Earth,
Many a tear fond eyes has wet,
Many a smile and sigh had birth,
Since we met !

Sorrow had her share of hours,
Words and deeds have woke regret,
Languid have become my powers,
Since we met !

Worldly care, and fettered spirit,
Was it well that we should let,
Every precious hour inherit,
Since we met ?

Childhood's days in breezy bowers,
Is it wisdom to forget,
For the dark, contrasted hours,
Since we met ?

Youthful days of faith and love—
Days, which left my heart in debt
To the Past, where memories rove
Since we met !

Chance and Change have done their part ;
But Affection lingers yet ;—
Changeless for you beats this heart,
Since we met !

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

SPIRIT of the hill, Whippoorwill !
All is lonely, dusky, still ;
Then that sound starts up quite near,
Wizard-like, loud, sharp, and clear.
That's the rain-drop on the leaves,
Which the wakeful ear receives ;
For the shower had past away
Ere the shut of sultry day.
All is still, how deeply still !
Hark ! the wailing Whippoorwill !
It is now here ; it is now there ;—
It seems on earth ; it seems in air ;—

Near it seems, and then remote ;
Still repeating the same note.

Spirit of the dusky hill !
Wand'ring, goblin Whippoorwill !
Art thou some gray Satyr old,
Of which Grecian fable told ;
Or the Dryad of the wood
Wailing in thy solitude ?
That thou art ; but yet so altered ;
And thy tones so wildly faltered ;
And thy nature so disguised,
Thou canst not be recognized.

Prophet of the dusky hill !
Necromancing Whippoorwill !
Art thou boding harbinger—
From the dead a messenger ?
Where the rocks with mosses gray,
Look like castles in decay,
Frowning on the sombre hill,—
Haunting, ghost-like Whippoorwill !
Oft I listen to thy tone,
As the night grows still and lone ;
And the moon's broad lights are shed
On the trees high over head ;—
Listen to thy wizard song,
Leaves, and moss, and rocks among,—
Echoing in the shadowy dell,
Like Sibyl's voice from out her cell.
Each note's hollow as a knell,—
Mournful as the last farewell,—
As a sad and last farewell !

THE BLUE BIRD.

FIRST bird of Spring, how often
Thy promise is betrayed ;
But I will not reproach thee
For pleasures long delayed ;

For thou dost mean it kindly
Thus early to employ,
Thy notes in uttering gladness,
When thy heart is filled with joy.

Bright bird of Hope, I'll call thee,
E'en though thy song deceives ;—
I'll wait with expectation,
For the time of green, young leaves.

Thy clear notes are proclaiming
In music through the land,
A happy, happy season,
Which even is at hand.

Of fairer skies, and bluer
Than the color of thy wing,—
Of blossoming groves, and meadows
With daisies flowered, you sing.

And not the future only,
Thy music brings to mind ;
But unto Springs departed,
It is a chain to bind.

So linked with olden memory
Is every tone of thine,
That thoughts go baek in fondness
To days, that once were mine.

Sing on ! thy visit's weleome,
Thou earliest bird of Spring !
Thou art, when Autumn cometh,
The last to take the wing !

A welcome then in friendship,
Thou herald of " Good News !"
Long months of joy and brightness,
Ere we exchange adieus !

THE DEAD BOY.

COME round his grave, ye that his hours—
His sunny hours and smiles did share,
And make it soft and sweet with flowers,
Then lay him there !

Though his but sunshine—not a cloud
To dim his smiling, morning sky,
He meekly to the Summoner bowed,
When called to die.

How happy is his early doom,—
His lot was never to be tried,

Through long and lonely years of gloom,
And scorned by Pride !

He saw no flowers lie withering round,
He heard no wintry blast of dread ;
He of the favored number's found—
The early dead.

Along th' uneven road of life,
How thick are disappointments set !
Before are Hope and Fear at strife—
Behind Regret.

He has escaped from many a snare,
Pain, grief, and trouble, which life hath ;
And many a sharp and torturing care,
That thorns its path.

Of conflicts, manhood must sustain ;
Of feelings wronged, it must conceal ;
Of blighted hopes, not his the pain,
Was it to feel.

His lot was early to go home,
With his young spirit all unbowed ;
Not worn and lonely long to roam
Through the World's crowd.

Hate's oft concealed behind a smile,
And Treachery robed in Friendship's dress ;
'Twas his to know not the World's guile,
And faithlessness.

That Love and Hope alike have wings,
And the World's falsehood oft to try,
Not his—instead those treacherous things,
To early die.

Wrong, envy, selfishness divide
Mankind, and jar the harmonious plan
Of Heaven ; and man stills thrusts aside
His brother man.

Cut down in Springtime, blooming, fair,
Though gone, him we congratulate :
In a dark world of strife and care
Who would stay late ?

Come round his grave, ye that his hours—
His sunny hours and smiles did share,
And make it soft and sweet with flowers,
Then lay him there !

THREE VOICES.

FAME has a voice to lead us on
To high, immortal deeds ;
And where a noble name is won
True honor ever leads.
And Fame is not all vanity,
As eynie mortals say ;
Who leave no deeds for memory,
Whose names rot with their clay.

“Our Country” has a voice to start—
A talisman of power,
To rouse each faithful patriot’s heart
In danger’s stirring hour.
And he who disregards the call
When she demands his aid,
Dishonor on his name shall fall,
A dark, obscuring shade.

And Duty’s voice is sanction high,
To battle for the right ;
And if you win not victory,
Win honor in the fight.
Despising sect and faction’s cries,
When labor’s to be done,
Like Anteus, to the struggle rise,
At Duty’s voice alone.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

IN visionary distance,
That I would fain explore,
The trees are full of blossoms,
With rainbow arches o’er.

There Fancy pictures childhood,
Though Reason says she’s vain ;
Regret, I’ll never visit
The fairy-land again.

There still the wildwood blossoms
Are toying with the wind ;
And still the birds are singing
In the bowers I've left behind.

And still the hills are verdant,
And sunshine's falling there ;
And still the flowers are blooming
O'er all the landscape fair.

And there are free streams playing
In cascades as they stray ;
Tall rocks the fern is crowning,
But I've left them on my way.

And things on which I doted,
Wild tales I heard in youth,
Associations cherished,
Have well impressed their truth.

I've passed those scenes of childhood,
That seem enchanted land ;
And many a mead and fountain,
And places of waste sand.

Climbed hills, or green, or barren,
Through many a valley passed ;
Now find where trees are growing,
Then find a desert waste.

To songs I sometimes listen,
Which tell of better elimes ;

Then lonely silence gathers
Around at other times.

But still in all my journey,
I often do look back ;
And still the farther distant,
The brighter seems life's track.

Afar green hills are rising,
And blue skies hanging o'er ;
And with a sigh thence turning,
How dark is, all before !

LINES, TO ———.

For your friendship to me shown,
Fond remembrance doth indite,
With the heart's accordant tone,
These few lines the hand doth write.

When I think of that farewell,
Spoken at your rural home,
On my vision past scenes swell,
And my thoughts do thither roam.

Memories clustering round this heart,
Wake a smile, or call a tear ;
Rising recollections start,
Thronging for admittance here.

I am conscious I have erred,
Speaking trifling things and vain ;
Yet I'm pained, if by a word,
I have caused another's pain.

Much I've said, that wakes regret ;
And will grieve me while I live ;—
Those I've injured should forget,—
If they cannot—then forgive.

LOUISA.

THOUGH I'm unskilled to strike the harp,
Louisa, thee I sing ;
While thought will cause this hand I know
To tremble o'er each string.

Childhood—the theme a thousand thoughts
Awakens in the mind !
Thy guileless innocence recalls
The joys I've left behind.

My heart's young joys and hopes, long since
Denied like exiles graee,
And ever banished from my breast,
And griefs possess their place.

Yet Sorrow, from this heart awhile,
Thy smile can make to roam ;

But, ah ! her absence is too short,
She soon comes to her home.

I'm tired of the affected smile,
And of pretence and art ;
The smile, which mantles thy sweet face,
Reveals at once the heart.

I love to see thy placid face ;
Thy bright and sunny hair ;
The rose and lily of thy cheek,
Two beauteous rivals there.

In verdant robe, with youth's bright smiles,
With fragrance in her breath,—
With retinue of laughing hours,
While Nature wakes from death,

Gay Spring is coming with her flowers ;—
Life's Spring is with thee now ;
But not for thee those flowers I'll cull,
To wreath round thy young brow.

They bloom ! and while they bloom they die ;
How transient is their stay !
But I would bind a wreath for thee,
Which shall not fade away.

May hope, faith, gentleness, and love,
Humility and truth ;
And every virtue of the heart,
Immortal make thy youth.

May these a chaplet form for thee,
And may their charms engage ;
They fear no Winter's killing frost,
Nor fade and droop with age.

Such is the wreath I wish for thee ;
May it to thee be given !
A crown of happiness on Earth,
Insuring one in Heaven.

Vain, earthly hopes, gay flatterers false,
Betray and then forsake ;
Memories are jewels, which remain,
Nor Time nor Death can take.

Your memory is a priceless gem,
Which I will guard with care ;
My heart shall its safe casket be,
And I will keep it there.

Though years produce their wonted change,
And Time impress thy brow ;
The mind will view an image then,
E'en as I see thee now.

Farewell, Louisa, fare thee well !
One favor grant to me :
As years roll round, oh ! think of one,
Who oft will think of thee !

THOUGHT.

SPIRIT of the Universe !
Essence of the mind !
Mystery of our being,
Thou art darkly shrined !

Art thou unbeginning ?
Art thou without end ?
In thy boundless soarings,
Whither dost thou tend ?

Separate from Matter,
Wondrously allied ;
When thy house is ashes,
Where dost thou abide ?

Dust, the worm has crawled on—
Trodden by the vilest thing,
Is wrought into a palace,
And there thou art a king !

Through innumerable chambers,
Replete with imagery—
Weird and mystic labyrinths,
What clue is guiding thee ?

Mortal and immortal—
Flesh and soul divide ;
When thy house is ashes,
Where dost thou abide ?

Manifest in all things ;
 Gaining strength from all ;
Tracing vivid similes
 On a pictured wall ;—

Searching the Invisible
 In the types descried ;—
When thy house is ashes,
 Where dost thou abide ?

Matter, but thy servant,
 Waiting thy accord,
Challenges Destruction ;
 Will not then its lord ?

Has it any value
 Not derived from thee ?
Has mansion without tenant,
 Or one to hold in fee ?

Whence, or whither goest ?
 In what crypt dost hide ?
When thy house is ashes,
 Where dost thou abide ?

LONG AGO.

THE wild bird's in the dell,
 Where sweetest violets grow ;
And streams their stories tell,
 As they did long ago.

The foam is on the stream,
As white as winter snow
In the moon's silver beam,—
So it was long ago.

The lily's on its stem,
And the summer roses blow ;
The woods are green again,
As they were long ago.

The lark ascends on high,
To welcome morning's glow,
That flushes all the sky,
As it did long ago.

Where are youth's friends so dear ?
Ah ! Death has laid them low ;
The scene's here—but not here
The loved of long ago !

AGE WILL COME.

WHEN streams are freed from fetters cold,
And bright-eyed flowers again are seen ;
When countless, lucid buds unfold,
In shining robes of living green ;
When birds in concerts first engage,
And bees commence their busy hum,—
When Spring prevails o'er Winter's rage,
Oh ! think of Death, for Age will come !

The flower will die, the stream complain,
The leaf will fade, and sighing fall,
The bird will cease its rapturous strain,
The bee its hum in sylvan hall.
Of hope and joy Earth is a place,
Of sadness too, and darkest care ;
Nor aught assumes Life's smiling face,
Ere Death has sealed his image there.

When Morn wakes, rosy in her mirth,
And dews impearl the em'rald grass ;
When the first beams salute the Earth,
And fragrant breezes fluttering pass ;
When Phoebus from his couch doth spring,
While its red curtains are by some
Page Wind withdrawn for Day's proud king,
Think of the grave, for Age will come !

The mirth and rosy smiles of Dawn
Will perish in the noontide heat,
The dews, which deck the grass be gone,
Away the scented breeze will fleet.
The Sun will leave his throne on high,
The night will quench each golden ray,
The clouds gloom o'er the dusky sky,
And then forever pass away.

When Autumn's colored robes are spread
In mournful beauty by her hand,
When the pale flower dejects its head,
And breezes sigh along the land ;
When from its stem the leaf is torn,
And through the chill and gusty air,

By the tempestuous wind is borne,
O ! think of Heaven, Age is not there !

When Winter's melaneholy day,
Soon eloses in the evening's gloom,
Who hastens on her dusky way,
With shadows pointing to the tomb,
Think of a leaf, that will not fade,
Think of a flower, that will not die,
Think of a light, whieh has no shade,
Of heaven and immortality !

A MEMENTO.

SPRING with rosy eharms is glowing ;
All is festive, full of life ;
Waters musie make in flowing,
And the woods with songs are rife.

Bright and e charming is the morning ;
Birds are heralding the day ;
Pearly dew-drops are adorning
Verdant fields, and blossomed spray.

Mild and balmy Eve is stealing
O'er the land with softened hue ;
Twilight shadows are revealing
Fairy visions to the view.

Neither Morn, nor Even lingers ;
Beauteous Spring is transient too ;
She is passing while my fingers
Traee these feeble lines for you.

Days and months fulfil their hours ;
Seasons roll their annual round ;
Spring weaves robes for Summer's bowers ;
Autumn strews them on the ground.

When the Spring returns in gladness ;
When the crimson Morning glows ;
When the Twilight's pleasing sadness,
Follows pensively day's close ;—

Oh ! when Memory is reviewing
Days long fled, you ne'er shall see ;
When the past she is renewing,—
Then ! oh, then ! remember me !

THE LONE CABIN ON THE HILL.

'Tis a lone place, where shade and stillness reign ;
The whimpering stream at times sole mutineer,
Which Silence has ; and sunlight here and there
Breaks in bright intervals of fluid gold—
Bright with a strange invasion on the shade,
When gnarled boughs part, for it does come by stealth,
And soon is gone, as flying moments urge
The hours, and swift the Sun pursues his course.
Laid on a wild thyme couch, when Evening red
Impurples all the landscape, robed in dyes
Of sunset, I have watched the Twilight steal
Along the hills and vales in mystery.

Then in the dusky quietness began,
By the old forest's darksome, shade-bound edge,
The Whippoorwill her melancholy plaint,
Poured wild into the drowsy ear of Night,
Through all her lone, sweet, silent, dewy hours.
There have I watched the elfish, misty light
Of the pale Moon, creep with a quivering sheen
Up to the giant shapes of shade, till fear
Mixed with a nameless thrill of strange delight.
There, at all hours and seasons I have mused ;—
There have I waited for the coming bloom ;
There waited for that harbinger of flowers—
The blue-bird, earliest warbler of the Spring ;
For red-breast robin ; bright, blue-coated jay ;
And mottled thrush. And with devotion there,
Have listened, while they poured melodious songs
Through leafy aisles ; cathedrals flower-festooned—
Domes of the far re-echoing grove ; and in
Deep, dying cadences of melting woe,
The moaning dove her “ miserere ” sang.
And when the Tyrian Autumn came to dye
Th’ imperial garments of the forest old,
From her far home beyond discovered things,—
When spread her magical, dream-haunted haze,
Dissolving ever in a mystic light,
To form ethereal tissues, undescribed
In their charmed beauty varying, and the same :
And when the goddess beautiful withdrew,
Wearing unearthly aspect, to the skies,
I lingered long amid the lonely scene,
And Memory communed with the days gone by.
When the rude children of the northern wind,

In muttering eireles gathered the brown leaves,
And heaped them at the feet of aged rocks,—
A couch for Winter, which he downed with snow ;
When the wind-eddy round and round did spin,
By that old, falling, moss-haired, talking ruin,
Making the dead and scattered leaves its sport,
I thought of those, who once were living here,
Even as those leaves had lived upon the bough,
And like those leaves had faded, sered, and fallen.

There many a long, bright, summer hour I've mused,
Under thick-clustering vines, and apple trees
Of ancient date. A limpid fount wells up,
And from its emerald chalice of fresh grass,
Enwreathed with flowers, 'an infant rill laughs down
The hillside ; now with frolic merriment
Bounding o'er mossed and flower-gemmed rocks, and then
Searee heard to babble through the herbage tall,
Runs wild of mood to Oetoraro's stream.
How sweet its prattling voice doth call (though heard
But seldom by a human ear the call),
The lonely passenger to rest beneath
Its bowers, forgetful of the noontide heat.

Where are they now, that dipped into this spring
The grateful cup, and drank its liquid boon ;
And thus refreshed, beneath the Dryad's shade
Rested to hear the tiny Naiad sing ?
Gone ! gone ! So mortal man doth pass away ;
Perennial Nature his best ehronieler,
Retaining still the vigor of her youth !
There they shall sleep till that reveille sounds,
Whose echoes will arouse the nations all.
There as I mused upon Life's changing scene

The angry winds of the departing storm,
Would gently die away, and their harsh voice
From the far distance come with lulling sound ;
And it would breathe a sadness strangely sad.
The dark stream moans against the bank, which hides
Them, and the rock above, where columbines
Suspend their flowers of pensive beauty, weeps,—
Ah ! day and night it weeps its many tears,
Which patter with low, melancholy sound,
On dead leaves, that the weird winds strew with sighs,
And dirges o'er a lonely burial-place.
The wild birds thither flock ere their departure ;
And there by their song-scented wand'rings sweet,
I've followed them to hear their last, low notes,—
Their stilly chirping in the shrubbery sere,—
Full of unearthly mourning and strong hope ;
Even like a parent's dying blessing, fraught
With purest love, and heard by sorrow long.

It cannot be, that when the soul forsakes
Her elayey tabernacle, she fades and dies
In vapid air : that she existenee holds
Of the dim, wand'ring eloud in the blue sky ;
By such frail tenure, which is quickly lost,
As wildering meteors of the fen possess !
It cannot be, when matter doth exist
Forever, that the part which gives it all
Its dignity, should with its dissolution
Be never more in all the Universe !

THE DREAM.

It had its birth in Springtime's bright, young hours,
Rosy with Morning's colors, fresh with dews ;
But like the Morning's colors, like the dews,
Has faded—fled, where none may find its place.
I've asked of Thought its restoration, have
Pursued with Fancy's most ethereal wing
This shapeless phantom of imagined bliss.
Was it a bright reality of days,
In an oblivioned life the soul hath known ?
It seems e'en so. I've slept amid wild rocks ;
By lonely, lapsing streams ; on moonlight heaths,
Vast and deserted ; I have threaded woods,
Whose mazes green, and deep, and intricate,
Appeared unending to recall the shade
Of something bygone,—or to overtake
This visionary harbinger of good.
But neither Nature's charm, nor spell of song ;
Neither Imagination's wizard wand ;
Nor starlit invocations by old ruins ;
Nor conjurations of Night's shadows, could
Restore aught, but a flashing, fleeting view—
A lightning outline of a happier time,
That left all blank and silent emptiness.

I sought the grandest, loneliest scenery ;
I have interrogated Nature, in
Her secret haunts, and meditative moods ;
I've asked the vagrant mist, that spreads her tent
Beside the fretful stream in Autumn ; troops

Of clouds I've questioned, which do pitch their camps
In far, blue fields, waving innumerable flags,
Many-hued, like the Mogul's pageantry,
When all his martial strength is ranged in tribes,
And bannered cohorts on the Eastern plains ;
And they have fled away, even as the lone,
Wayfaring Arab on the desert strikes
His tabernacle,—nought disclosing, though
They seem the dwelling-place of dreams most fair.
I've asked the winds—the mighty winds, that are
Like spirits,—th' invisible winds, whose search
Is universal, and whose feet more swift
Than eagles' wings in heaven, and as they passed,
Heard but the last tone of a fading voice,—
The lingering echo of their fleeting steps,
Retiring far into infinity.

And while I questioned Evening's dewy hour,
Her tones would sink away, and leave the theme
Unuttered. The Stars came and watched beside
The portals of Eternity ; but true
To their high office, my interrogations
Answered not. Bootless at home th' inquiry.
Vain were Imagination's starry light,
Thought's midnight lamp, and Passion's eddying flame ;—
The deepest, darkest caverns of the heart,
And the mind's labyrinthine turns, remained
Still unexplored.

With years comes knowledge ; grief
With knowledge comes :—Ah ! then unwittingly
We say, had we those years again to live,
How differently their register would read !
Thus mourns Regret ; and foolishly doth mourn ;—

There's no effect without sufficient cause ;
And like conditions would have like results.
Man must fulfil his course—dark destiny !
Fear, hope, and doubt, and strong necessity,
And circumstance, to him are Fates, that urge
Him on in darkness, where he gropes his way
With slow, blind steps, even to the grave. If he
Could see the path—the end, toil, trial, peril,
Care, weakness, suffering, and infirmity,
Which wait him, he would shrink, and fall to die.

Whence hath the soul her generation ? Whence
Beginning, if she e'er beginning had ?
All things, of ideas, expositions are—
The symbol representatives of Thought :
And types and images are nourishment
For the soul's growth ; but she in nobleness
Excels infinitely her caterer—
Matter,—even as Thought th' embodiment.
The mightier must be elder ;—outward form
Doth change forever,—as exponent new
Of what is esoteric. Then what's age ?
A quality of Matter, or of Mind ?

I'm old—'tis age, which is not to be counted
By revolutions of the Sun amid
His constellations ; the Moon's changes swift ;
The mighty periods of the flying stars ;
Or by time-measuring cycles man has made.
Years ! years ! not to be numbered by the Earth's
Small circle of brief seasons—by her summers
And winters, springs and autumns, deaths and births ;
Decays and renovations ; by the heats
And frosts ; and many changes of her raiment.

Nor by the fall of snow ; the bloom of flowers ;
Th' assembling and adjournment of the elouds
In their blue eouncil chambers. Not by these !
No ! not by these ! because the Protean god—
Dread Mutability, has lost his power
Upon me. Long, long ! years, rounded by Woe—
A blank and flameless sphere in a dim sky
Of starless sorrow, which doth roll, and roll,
Cireling the vast horizon sluggishly—
Lurid, and leaden, and unvarying still,—
Measure me disappointment and despair.

TO A RUIN, SEEN IN THE SPRINGTIME.

OLD Ruin ! mouldering down
'Mid Nature young and gay ;
Meeting her smile with darkling frown,—
Her green with gray.

What changes, thou hast seen !
What seasons come and go !
But now thy mighty pillars lean,
And some are low.

How laughter here hath died !
And kindly voices flown ;
While Nature utters in her pride
A merry tone.

The goddess still appears
 With the same florid hue,
As she e'en here in other years
 Was wont to do.

The ivy here is seen
 In revel o'er the tomb,
And wears a deathless smile of green
 Above its gloom.

The friends so loved are gone ;
 The hopes so trusted fled ;
While the gay flowers are blooming on,
 Above the dead.

Here to their haunts repair
 The birds at Springtime's call ;
And flood with melody the air
 Around thy wall.

Are never to return,
 Those, who once made thee gay ;
By Death to their cold, silent urn,
 Called hence away ?

If such is Nature's strength
 To renovate each Spring ;
Will not the loved, in bloom at length
 Awake and sing ?

Here rests in hope their dust,
 Till their great change shall come ;

When Time shall render up his trust,
And hear his doom.*

NOAH'S ARK.

(In this poem, the hitherto popular opinion of the universality of the Noahie Deluge is embraced, as the most poetical.)

No coast did bound the circled wave,
Which rolled unbroken round the globe ;
The highest peak, the deepest cave
Were girt with one vast ocean robe.

That dread abyss no line explored—
That ocean, limitless and dark,
Whose billows desolately roared
Around the solitary Ark.

O'er waves—strange waves, all guideless driven,
Without a compass, chart, or line ;
And undirected, save by Heaven,
No steering star for it did shine.

Unpiloted it ploughed its way
Through waves keel furrowed ne'er before,
(Unfurrowed since the Deluge day,)
Which washed no wild or unknown shore.

* "Time shall be no longer." See Rev.

For weeks and months rose, set, unseen,
The sun and stars, deep, deep concealed !
By an impenetrable screen,
Whose blackness, lightning but revealed.

Continuous shook the thunder's jar,
While Death, triumphant over Life,
Smiled at the unprecedented war—
The direful, elemental strife.

Above the loftiest mountain's pride
The world-destroying waves rolled high ;
While mankind far beneath the tide,
Wrapped in a sea-weed shroud did lie.

Waxed, waned the moon, nor man did view ;
She rolled full many a tedious round,
Ere elouds, dark-volumed, breaking through,
She looked with pale face on the ground.

And far and near no voice was heard,
A deathly silence did prevail—
No insect's hum, no song of bird,
Rose on the vapor-burdened gale.

Looked through the gloomy air at length
The stars, that seemed to mourn man's doom,
And the red Sun, whose conquering strength,
Dispelled the eloud-pall from his tomb,

And bright beams on the Ark did fling,
Which had through stormy darkness swept ;

Still driving on a lone, lone thing !
Unerring in the course it kept.

Without a sail, without a helm,
Unwrecked it gained its destined goal,
That Ark, not all the waves could whelm,
Embracing Earth from pole to pole !

No vessel since that day hath made
Its port, the untrodden mountain peak,
Which had far down the clouds surveyed,
And heard the eagle's savage shriek.

Emblem of Christ—washed in his blood,
On Him let all our hopes be stayed,
Then, though death and temptation's flood
Rise high, we need not be dismayed.

When trouble gathers like a sea—
When I from anguish seek release,
May Hope—a dove, back to me flee,
And bring the olive branch of peace !

And on life's close should dark clouds rise,
May Faith a rainbow see unfurled ;
A pledge of bliss in cloudless skies,
The promise of a brighter world !

PAST DAYS.

I HEAR a strange, deep, whisp'ring voice
Steal o'er this solitude of mind ;
I should not mourn, cannot rejoice—
Its tones are grief and joy combined.

This voice doth pensive Memory hail,
And calls up half-forgotten things ;
Like the neglected harp's sweet wail,
When winds sweep o'er its time-worn strings

Mixed sound of welcome and farewell,
So sadly sweet I half deplore ;
So Ocean's solemn murm'rings swell,—
So ebb in music from his shore.

And to this sound's mysterious flow
Still list'ning Memory makes replies ;
And to its incantations, lo !
What buried recollections rise !

What is this voice ? what is this sound ?
It is " the voice of bygone days ;"
What dream-like shadows gather round,
As Youth's illusions Truth surveys !

Past days ! past days ! I ponder how,
As you in long review appear,
I'm changed,—what was I once ? what now ?—
Starts the forbidden, faithless tear.

Past days ! past days ! oh, that you could
Return, or I return to you !
Or, that to melancholy mood,
I could forever bid adieu !

How have bright joys and prospects fled ;
Around are Care's grim shadows thrown ;
Can Hope survive when all is dead,
That was the life of life alone !

So leaves, when summer's past, are laid
In woods, whose dark and ancient strength,
Has stood a thousand years, and shade
Falls on their graves in giant length.

Dead Seasons' funeral dirge prevails
In templed groves, whose drapery's sere ;
Along the forest aisles, deep wails
The spirit of the dying year.

Perfidious Friendship fled fast—
A radiant, but a meteor form,
That promised, if Life's sky o'ereast,
To cheer me on through eloud and storm.

Yea, once I felt her spell-like charm,
Which east around a magie beam ;
But Manhood woke me with alarm,
From Childhood's bright romantie dream.

Hushed is the sweet, enehanting song
Of days, that were but melody,

And list'ning to discordant wrong,
The soul is thrilled with agony !

'Tis much more painful to endure
Than wound, that's made by shot or sword !
For it the Earth can yield no cure,
Nor healing balm can Time afford.

In Hope and Friendship's treachery,
O ! may my heart and hand still bless !
And may thy power, Humanity,
Grow stronger, as the world charms less !

And when the snows of Age descend—
When winter shadows cold are flung
Life's pathway o'er, as I its end
Approach, may Heaven my heart keep young.

A REVIEW.

WHAT is our life ? A murm'ring stream,
That flows through shade, and then through gleam,
Till lost in Time's strong river,
Which ages swell, whose wrecks in story
Afford but melancholy glory
Of greatness gone forever.

And what is death ? A peaceful rest,
With the green sod upon the breast—
A sound and sweet repose.

The grave? An easy couch, where laid,
No dreams shall our long sleep invade
 With copied, ideal woes.

Then what is wealth? A glitt'ring care,
That yields for happiness despair;
 A narrow, gem-decked prison;—
A loved, a pleasing, shining chain,
Which doth on Earth the soul detain,
 That might to Heaven have risen.

What is ambition? Constant toil,
Where Envy often steals the spoil,
 Which pleased Contentment scorns;
A barren, rocky, uphill road,
For fancied bliss must still be trod,
 To find a couch of thorns.

And what is power—unstable power?
'Tis weakness oft in danger's hour;
 Its owners, veriest thralls.
And what is pride? It is the edge
Of a tall, cliffy, hanging ledge,
 Who ventures on it falls.

And what is fame? A meteor light,
Which dazzles and deceives the sight,
 While transiently it glows.
These longings after earthly fame—
These strugglings for a fleeting name,
 But banish our repose.

And what is earthly hope ? A flower,
That fades and dies in one brief hour,
 And seldom yields us fruit,
Save such as by the Dead Sea grows,
Which fair, and sound, and tempting shows,
 But turns to smoke and soot.

And what is faith ? It is a star,
That bids the soul behold afar
 Beyond this Earth and time,
A prospect fair of bliss supreme,
Where things are ever what they seem,
 Nor change disturbs the clime.

And what is heavenly hope ? A wing
To bear us o'er Earth's sorrowing,
 To skies serene and pure,
Where bright, immortal Charity
Shall live with sister Memory,
 And happiness endure.

SUSPICION.

WHY did you not let it sleep
 In its crypt, within the mind ?
Dark its slumbers, secret, deep,
 Which a spell of Faith did bind.
'Tis a snake—'tis awake ;
And it watches till the heart doth ache.

Suddenly as with a spasm,
It awoke, and hissing rose ;
In the heart it rent a chasm,
Which will never, never close !
'Tis a snake—'tis awake ;
And it watches till the heart doth ache.

Bring ye poppies ? bring ye wine ?
Bring ye music with its charm ?
Bring ye gems from every mine,
For to soothe its dread alarm ?
'Tis a snake—'tis awake ;
And it watches till the heart doth ache.

WHERE IS LONELINESS FELT ?

Is loneliness felt when afar
From the noise and confusion of life,
We're unvexed by the world's stormy jar,
Undisturbed by its incessant strife ?

Is it felt when remote from the throng,
We are ranging some vast forest shade,
Where the birds awake echo with song,
And responsive's the brook from the glade ?

Is it felt where the wild flowers blow
Upon mountains ; with grandeur around ;
Where verdure's contrasted with snow,
And falling streams ever resound ?

Nay, nay ! for a spirit pervades,
And presides o'er these rural retreats ;
It speaks in each floweret, that fades ;
All Nature the language repeats !

This spirit claims kindred with ours,—
Invites to communion and thought ;
Sympathizes in deep woodland bowers
In tones, that with music are fraught.

Oh, then ! where is loneliness felt ?
'Tis felt in the fashion-bound crowd ;
For sympathy never yet dwelt
In the breasts of the worldly and proud.

Felt often when many are near,
In sadness steal over the soul,
Like a blight on her blossoms of cheer,
With its cold and its icy control.

'Tis felt amid laughter and mirth,
With the votaries of Folly around,
In whom friendship, virtue, and worth,
That ennoble the soul, are not found.

SPRING.

At thy coming, the streams in their freedom rejoice,
And birds sing a welcome to thee among trees,
When with gladness they hear thy awakening voice
Speak at intervals softly in southern breeze.

Far away, to the deep, lonely forest away,
A green garment for leafless trees to prepare,
Crowned with flowers of rich fragancee thou quickly dost
stray,—
Those who seek thee will find thee 'mid violets there.

Thou art weaving a carpet of verdure for fields,
Embroidered with flowers breathing incense to Morn;
And while each living censer perfumery yields,
Its colors with beauty the landscape adorn.

Bright flowers are upspringing where'er thou dost tread,
And gales bear their sweetness while stealing along,
Near the stream merrily singing o'er pebbly bed,
Its free, wild, and wayward, yet care-soothing song.

Nay! it soothes not the grief of the heart turning gray!
And Spring brings no flowers like those Time de-
stroyed :

The flowers of life's spring have long passed to decay;—
O! where are the pleasures that Childhood enjoyed?

Like the fragancee of blossoms consigned to the blast,
When clouds of dark Autumn o'er Summer prevail;
The bright hopes, joys, and prospects of Childhood are
east
To the winds—the mere sport of false Fortune's rude
gale.

But companions I find in the woods by the streams,
And sisters and brothers in blossoms and leaves;
And Nature, though changing, the same ever seems,
And charms with a friendship that never deceives.

Then, Spring, I will greet thee, with birds and with
flowers !

While maples red banners unfurl in the sun ;
While curtains are hung o'er the long-leafless bowers,
And with murm'ring music the glad waters run.

JUNE.

GLADDENING June has come again,—

In the green-leafed forest dark—
Wildly sounding through the glen,
Seldom visited by men—

To the ringing carols hark,
Which the plumaged songsters pour,
Bringing back the days of yore.

Laughs each limpid brook, that roves,
Singing soft its merry tune
Through the shady, echoing groves,
Where now many an insect moves,

Welcoming with hum sweet June—
Where the sunlight, boughs between,
Falling makes a chequered scene.

Iris, radiant as the Morn,
Scatters over wood and field,
Brilliant colors, which adorn
Landscapes lately winter-shorn ;—
Flowers unclosing fragrance yield

To the fluttering western breeze,
Gently fanning grass and trees.

Dark-hued laurels, that have been
Verdant long on rocky hills,
Gemmed with white flowers now are seen,
Set in deep, perennial green ;
While the fragrance faintly fills
With perfume at evening, their
Dewy, eircumambient air.

Feathered vocalists assail
List'ning ears with notes clear, high,
Charming us with many a tale ;
While from field and grassy dale,
Telling that the Summer's nigh,
Sounds the partridge its " Bob White,"
Waking throbs of pure delight.

When deep stillness reigns around,
And the glowing noontide air
Undulates with scarce a sound,
On the flower-enamelled ground—
The retreat of coolness, where
Purling brooklets in the wood
Sweetly sing to solitude,

Calm-delighted I will lie,
Where o'erhead some rude rock towers,
That with frowning looks on high,
Scowls upon the upturned eye ;
While contrasted, beauteous flowers,

Smiling o'er its rugged face,
Lend it many a soft'ning grace.

Thus in natures which seem rude,
And along life's rugged ways,
Oft the beautiful and good,
Lovely making solitude,
Meet our unexpected gaze ;
Shedding o'er the stony ground,
Truth and Worth's bright sunlight round.

Deeply musing, half reclined—
Lulling waters murm'ring near,
Sweet contentment I shall find,
Waiting till the rising wind
'Mid the distant trees I hear ;
And descending Phœbus' team
Makes his chariot slant its beam.

Or when evening's turning gray,
And the landscape on the sight
Narrows, through the vale to stray,
While the hilltops fade away,
Is untold, heartfelt delight ;—
Then from dusky, sombre hill
Breaks the plaint of whippoorwill.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

THOU art passing ! thou art passing !
From our hills and vales away,
Proud, imperial, ardent Summer—
Nothing can protract thy stay.

Birds with songs cannot detain thee,
Nor the rill, that sweetly sings,—
Nor the myriad tribes of insects
With their rainbow-colored wings.

Smiles and hopes, and youth's enjoyment,
With their fragrance, bloom, and song,
Ne'er did cause old Time to tarry—
Why shouldst thou thy stay prolong?

Monitory hues of Autumn,
Warn us that thy mission's done ;
Sorrowing Nature hears thy footsteps
Sounding through the valleys lone.

Hears thy footsteps of departure,
And her brightness dims e'en now ;
While a thoughtful shade of sadness
Gathers on her beauteous brow.

'Tis like Memory's sable shadow,
Lovely woman's pensive grace,
When the light of life's departing
From her sorrow-faded face.

'Tis inspiring Melancholy—
Heavenly maid of musing mien,
That with charm mysterious, holy,
Sanctifies each fading scene.

Clouds of coming Autumn gather
O'er the skies, which yet are kind;
Spirits sigh around our dwellings,
In the low-voiced, moaning wind.

I can hear their footsteps beating—
Angel footsteps in the blue;
Far into th' infinite wand'ring,
Distance echoes their "Adieu."

Do they sigh at thy departure,
For the wasted bloom of flowers?
Nay! they sigh that youth was squandered,
And for manhood's wasted hours.

Sadly to me thy departure
Brings the thoughts of years gone by,
When the future Fancy bounded
By a smiling summer sky.

Youth's enchantment then invested
Earth with ideal scenery;
Joy, was joy anticipated—
Charming, flowering, fruitless tree.

Youth's elastic spring is broken;
Early joys are known no more;
And young, blossoming hopes are perished
With the buoyancy of yore.

For the record of experience,
When the romance of the boy
We exchange, how soon we prove it,
Vainer than our youthful joy.

Memory grave, and sage Reflection,
Take gay Mirth and Fancy's place ;
So the Summer's roseate pleasure
Yields to Autumn's sober grace.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN pays her annual visit,
Clad in robes of Tyrian dye,
Woven for her by the sunbeams
In a clouded western sky.

Over hill, and over valley,
In the forest old and dim,
Reigneth quietness unbroken,
Save by many an insect's hymn ;

Or the faintly warbled music—
Mournful music of some bird,
Farewell to the woodland singing,
That its song in summer heard.

See o'er variegated forests,
Hues of purple, crimson, gold,
Mingled with the lingering verdure—
Banners of a king unrolled.

And he cometh, yea, he cometh ?
But a maniac king is he,
Trampling on the herald banner,
Autumn hangeth from the tree.

But ere tyrant Winter cometh,
Beauty for a little while,
Like Consumption's hectic flushes,
Glads the forest with a smile.

But the birds of song are silent,
Or have bade a long " Good-bye ;"
'Tis the wind that's heard complaining,
With a deep, distressful sigh :

Or the rustling of the foliage,
Eddying withered to the ground ;—
If a loitering bird is singing,
'Tis a sad and lonely sound.

Farewell, Autumn, for thy glory
Is a prelude to decay ;
While there's something in thy aspect,
Makes me wish that thou wouldst stay.

'Tis the dreamy light of Memory,
Haunting o'er the quiet land ;—
Falling on life's web of colors,
Woven by Time's busy hand.

THE DEATH OF THE PIONEER.

IN a far-off land, upon the cold ground
Outstretched, lies a pioneer, dying ;
The rude rocks of the mountains frown around,
And the Autumn wind is sadly sighing ;—
Sighing among faded and fallen leaves,
While each bough for its loss above them grieves.

Around him watch his companions in toil,
Cold sweat on his brow is conglobing ;
Death the vexed soul of her vesture of soil
In that dreary land is disrobing.
He thinks of a sister and mother's care—
Nor sister nor mother is watching there !

His bed is a rock, his pillow a stone,
A dark river beneath is rolling ;
He dies there ! ah, there in that land so lone !
For his death no bell is heard tolling :
Yet the moaning wind, and the river, which flows,
For him shall a requiem unheard compose.

Ah ! all have left him ! but it grieves him not,
He sleeps ! nor heeds night's gloom reposing
On his cold bed, in which all is forgot ;—
Alike to him day's dawn and closing.
In an unknown grave with silence sleeping,
Nor sister nor mother there is weeping !

SONG OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

I SING of wasted fragrance, I sing of faded bloom,
Of Summer's verdure changing to sables for the tomb ;
Of shadows dimly gathering where distant hillsides rise,
Of misty hues investing the margin of the skies.
I was where leaves are falling, and found the birds had
 flown ;
I was where streams are purling—there's sadness in their
 tone ;
I seek for flowers in meadows, I seek them on the lawn,
And by the sheltering woodside, and scarcely can find one.

As birds have all departed from trees by frost undrest,
Soon Winter's storms will scatter the woodland's tattered
 vest ;
But from the leafless forest I bear their sweet adieu,
Before his dark magnificence o'erspreads the sky's deep
 blue :
And where the aged willow's long silver tresses float
Upon the stream, my song becomes more plaintive in its
 note ;
And in the grass-grown churchyard, where many friends
 have gone,
I sing a low dirge song around their monumental stone.

Time once to feast bright hopes youth's guests, vain
 visions did afford,
While Mirth, the cheerful valet, attended at the board.
Ah ! those gay friends, convivial, all parted in deep woe :
My song is to their memory, which age will not forego.

Of friendship early blighted I sing, and love's decay;
 Of many a true heart broken, its fondness east away.
 I sing of long-past pleasures, of hours when true friends
 met,
 Of last farewells and partings, remembered with regret.

When age makes life grow weary—the spirit sad and lone,
 And when the voice is feeble, and trembles in its tone;
 When mists of years are gathered to dim the eye's love
 light,

When roses frost has blasted, and tresses are turned white,
 When life's bewildering visions and prospects fade away
 Like mirage, and the hungry grave's importunate for
 prey,—

My song is welcome tidings of a fair, bright, spirit elime,
 Secured from echanging seasons, and conquests of Old
 Time;

And if to me you listen, when by the past engrossed,
 My song of sweetest sadness tells of the loved and lost;
 Of those, who have departed at monarch Death's com-
 mand—

A song of sweetest voices, from a brighter, better land.

TOKENS OF WINTER.

Now the notes of storm approaching,
 Drown the music of the year;
 And the frost on all eneroaching,
 Makes the Earth look sad and drear.

Flowers of Spring have long since faded,
 Fallen, mouldered in the ground ;
 And the tree from heat that shaded,
 Scattered are its leaves around.

Scarcely from the south ascending,
 Dimly looks the orb of light ;
 While the Evening close attending,
 Hastes, the herald of the night.

Surely Eve supplants the day,
 With its keen, tempestuous blast ;
 Short and cheerless is its stay,
 Gloomier night's advancing fast.

Darkened is the murky sky,
 With the black and lowering clouds,
 Which in columns sweeping by,
 Urge the night which Earth enshrouds.

Leafless trees, and fields deserted,
 Teach us many a mournful truth ;
 Often are our thoughts reverted
 To the loved of early youth.

From us now they're widely parted ;
 Some with cheering prospects blighted ;
 Many of them hopeless-hearted,
 Mourn o'er early friendships slighted.

Some have to the grave gone down ;
 Hollow winds above them moan ;
 And the tall grass, dead and brown,
 Sighs around their marking stone.

OLD WINTER.

A ROBE of the blackest-dyed cloud,
A voice, which is shrill, harsh, and loud,
A crown of the Northern pine,
And sandals of iron are thine,
Old Winter.

So surly, so peevish, and grim,
So haggard, so gaunt, with eyes dim,
Say, art thou a cynic, or king?
And who to thee tribute doth bring,
Old Winter?

Your locks are all thin and all white,
Your form is no longer upright,
And your breath is so sharp with the cold,
I wonder that you are so bold,
Old Winter.

But your flesh is as hard as a bone;
Where you travel, the ground turns to stone;
And the river, which you wish to pass,
You blow on, and bridge it with glass,
Old Winter.

You boast of your wonderful might;
Like a brownie you labor all night;
With your servitor, Frost, still at hand,
You are busy all over the land,
Old Winter.

Hanging gems on the trees for a show,
Clothing Earth in a mantle of snow,
Blockading the highways and lanes,—
All this costs you infinite pains,
Old Winter.

And you are despotic, to boot,
For you banish the birds, or else mute
Compel them to be, save Peedee,
That chirps his defiance to thee,
Old Winter.

Though you seem to be trembling with age,
Yet how often you bluster and rage;
But when that imp, Spring, has appeared,
He will pluck off your icicle beard,
Old Winter.

A PICTURE.

THE day was half dark, and half bright;
The flying clouds broken had been;
Their shadows, like wings of the night,
Skimmed the landscape, with sunshine between.

'Twas a picture I cannot forget;—
It recovered past days to my mind.
And I thought with a pleasing regret,
Of the scenes I had long left behind.

I thought of the sunshine of Hope,
 Once bright'ning the landscape of life;—
How disasters did then interlope,
 Like clouds, with that sunshine at strife.

As the strength of the tempest had past,
 So was broken the might of the power
Of dark disappointment, which east
 A shadow for many an hour.

That shadow was broken, and now
 Flowed a radiance its fragments between; .
And those fragments were chased by a glow,
 Like the cloud-shadows over the scene.

ENVY.

'Tis a serpent ; 'tis a snail ;
Leaving slime upon its trail.
'Tis a foul worm, that doth crawl
Through the prince's sumptuous hall.
'Tis a reptile, which doth grovel
In the peasant's lowly hovel.
'Tis a spider, that sucks poison
From the flowered Earth's beauteous foison.
'Tis a viper murdering fame,—
Feeding on some virtuous name.
'Tis a nettle of the heart—
 'Tis a canker of the mind—

'Tis a rankling poison dart—
An eye-bandage, which doth blind :
Whosoever wears it, must
Cover brightest things with rust.

THE STARS.

WORSHIPPED of old, man still admires
The stars, that flame on high,
With radiant, pure, immortal fires—
Types of eternity.

Ye saw Earth don her mantle green,
In her first morning hour ;
And the long cycles roll between,
That, and bright Eden's bower.

Chronologists of every age,
Ye link the Past and Now ;
And keep the record of each page,
As sacred as a vow.

Signs to the patriarch and the seer ;
Guides to the wand'rer's way
O'er the lone desert, wide and drear,
O'er th' Ocean's billowy play !

And as you shone to kings of old,
To Magi and to priest ;
Still ye the same blue watch-towers hold,
Nor has your light decreased.

Still ye the same high hopes inspire,—
Still point the path to fame ;
Or with an object nobler, higher,
Prompt virtue's better aim.

Ye cherish still the same high trust ;
Ye kindle Faith's bright eye ;
Beyond the bourne of "dust to dust,"
She sees a home on high.

Oft has Ambition looked to you,
Symbols of glory bright !
Oft hath the saint, the pilgrim too,
Kneeled 'neath your sacred light !

And shepherds, in the still, blue night,
Have watched your vestal flame ;—
So David did with rapt delight,
And many a sainted name.

And yet undimmed you're shining on,
As bright as you shone then :
You have seen empires rise—go down—
Will see the same again.

You've looked on sorrow, penury, crime,—
On huts with hearthstones cold,—
On the sin-stricken through all time ;—
These must you still behold ?

Vice triumphs here, and Suffering sighs,
And the oppressor's strong ;
How can you with your pure, sweet eyes,
Look down upon such wrong ?

The green Earth veils her face in shame ;
The mists sink down with weight,
And weave the clouds, to hide your blame,
In dark robes like her fate.

But at the midnight, calm and clear,
How oft I've felt your power !
Be still, proud heart ! begone, vain fear !
Let me now watch one hour !

I am alone with Nature now
And God ; a presence awes
My inmost spirit, and I bow
Before the Great First Cause.

And from your altars, burning clear,
Descends, with each pure ray,
This promise, woe-worn hearts to cheer,—
“ Evil will pass away.”

RETIREMENT.

AN ALLEGORY.

As Sylvanus, pensive hind,
Roamed with melancholy mind,
(Thinking on life's thorny way—
Thinking on life's stormy day,
And the struggling for a name,
Wealth and pleasure, power and fame,)

In the forest's deepening shade,
There he met a musing maid,
All intent on Nature's charms
Careless of the world's alarms.
Shining locks of yellow sheen
Graced her more than crown of queen;
Her mild eye of lustrous blue
Shed soft light its lashes through:
As through evening's earliest shade,
Rosy light melts, half-decayed,
On a flower-enamelled glade.
Every placid feature shows,
That the soul hath sweet repose.
Lines and hues with magic grace
Blend in beauty on her face;
And their charms combined, were less
Than one, which words cannot express,—
A secret something, undefined,—
A radiation of the mind.
So when Luna's beams invest
Sleeping Earth in summer drest,
There's a charm, which hallows night—
It is not shade, it is not light;
Though 'tis felt, it can't be told;
To be felt, we must behold.
When her sacred form he saw,
He was filled with pleasing awe;—
Stood awhile, and then he spoke—
Thus his accents silence broke:
“Peaceful maid, what is thy name?
Art thou some celestial dame,
Who hast kindled purest flame?”

Dare my wildly-wand'ring feet
To invade thy loved retreat?"

Thus the mild-voiced maid replies,
While calm joy illumines her eyes :
"Roaming through this lonesome wood,
Seek'st thou my sister Solitude?
Or Contentment dost thou seek—
Sister mild, of bearing meek?
Or in quest of me didst roam?
I'm Retirement—this my home;
But for none will I find room,
Unless Contentment with them come.

"Mark the Moon with sorrow pale
Hang enamoured o'er the dale;
Watch the marshalled stars, that march
Over Night's cerulean arch;
Ponder all that is sublime—
Man, eternity, and time;
Teach the Passions to obey
Monarch Reason's equal sway;
Then as seasons swiftly roll,
Wisdom will mature thy soul;
Meditation, nymph divine—
Calm companion, shall be thine."

And Sylvanus with Content
Happy years in quiet spent.
Whene'er he his threshold prest,
With him entered Peace, a guest.
By Calumny's envenomed tongue
His neighbor's breast he never wrung—
His own by Envy was unstung.
Censure, with her sight awry,

Ever ready to espy
Trifling faults with evil eye;
Anger, with his visage red
When some hasty word is said;
Treachery, with civil smile,
Which the artless doth beguile;
Vain Desire; ambitious Strife;
Avarice,—Passions torturing life;
Far he banished from his bower,
And Contentment ruled each hour.

PARTING.

FAREWELL! farewell! the hour
Has come for us to part;
And Memory's voice of earnest power,
Now sobers down the heart.

Nor should a thought arise,
Of a complaining tone,
Born of life's bitter agonies—
Though I must be alone,—

To cloud this parting hour,
To cast o'er it one shade;
Though well I know, the pleasant flower
Of life, begins to fade.

The days of hope are gone;
My spirit's spring is broken :—

We part as those almost unknown,
Who part without a token.

I'm to the past a slave ;
The old time chains my will ;
And dead days haunt me from their grave,—
Their ghosts will haunt me still.

The cup of joy's so drained ;
Affection's fount so dry ;
And every nerve of life so strained,
I sometimes long to die !

Life's largess ne'er was great ;
Nor false my friends I call ;
But something in myself, or fate,
Is worse than loss of all.

It cannot be defined ;
It must not be revealed ;—
A plague, which festers in the mind,
The more because concealed.

And yet one hope remains,
To guard me from despair :
Immortal life on Heaven's flowered plains,
And a sweet meeting there !

TO CARRIE.

WHEN rosy Morning opes her eye,
And when Eve's purple lashes fall,
The thoughts of happy days gone by,
Dear Carrie, centre round thee all.

When memories o'er my heart held sway,
And cast their shadows on my brow,
How often have I heard thee say,
"Why art thou silent, pensive now?"

Thy tones of music might beguile;
Thy smile my joy again restore;
But ah! the sunlight of thy smile,
So pleasant, I shall feel no more!

When o'er your sweet and thoughtful face,
The radiance of that smile did stray,
Enraptured would I gaze, and trace
A sadness mingled in its ray.

In fond remembrance still I see
Where side by side we lingering stood;
And graved our names upon the tree,
Deep in the heart of ancient wood.

And where the beech outspread his arms,
And wore his leafy crown above,
I've felt the magic of thy charms,
When the sweet wood-winds whispered "love."

If Time had won from me but years,
And left my youthful heart of trust,
I still might hope amid my fears,—
Might still make idols of the dust.

But now our lots are wide apart;
And oh ! how dark and lonely's mine ;
Yet in its inmost cell, my heart
Keeps for thyself a sacred shrine.



CHANGE.

'TWAS night, and on a mountain rude,
Where Winter's free winds swept,
In a wide wilderness of wood,
A lonely pilgrim slept.

A mansion's crumbling ruins gray,—
Save where the ivy-green
Veiled the harsh features of decay—
Proclaimed where life had been.

How changed the scene since he did roam,
To gather thorns and care ;—
Now wild weeds flourish round that home,
The lone night-bird moans there.

In dream—in visions of the night,
Years rolled their mist away ;
The mansion rose illumed with light,
The festal hall was gay.

It was a happy, bridal eve ;
Young hearts beat wild and free ;
And bright eyes' sparkling beams did weave
Love's net of witchery.

The dance, the music, and the song,
Mocked old Time's tardy pace ;
Till Youth forgot he passed along—
Forgot his steps to trace.

Years sped,—still Morning came and smiled
Upon that mansion fair ;
Where innocently played a child,
Unconscious of a care.

There Nature's every charm was felt,
And Art had brought her store ;
The rose and honeysuckle dwelt,
Companions at the door.

Long-tried and true affections fond,
Thoughts, words, and deeds refined,
And hearts where sympathies respond,
A happy union bind.

Years still passed on, and left their trace ;—
The scoffing of the young,
Time heeded not, but o'er each face,
For smiles, his shadow flung.

Within those halls where Gladness dwelled,
Whence songs had banished care,
Now Silence reigns ; where music swelled,
What loneliness is there !

The flowers twined round Youth's bright-tressed head,
When Life's cup did o'erbrim,
Have long since paled and withered,
And his bright locks are dim.

Swift, as with momentary stay,
Years in that vision rolled ;
The child's a man—the man is gray—
Death comes—the tale is told !

Rank, clustering weeds usurp the walls,
Where Youth held revelry ;
Now Time holds revel in those halls,
And Winter winds their glee.

A SOUVENIR.

How the mind will return to a pleasure that's gone !
So let this be your souvenir when I'm away ;
And oft as you view it, the pleasure that's flown
May remembrance halo with magical ray.
The soul of the rose, like sweet memory's power,
Survives when the leaves all their beauty resign ;
So the altar of life, when lies faded its flower,
And th' essence of days spent in virtue be thine.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE scene is all lonely ; the rocks around
Seem piled like the walls of enchanted ground.
'Tis hid in the heart of the mountains old,—
May you never the haunted scene behold !
'Twould silent be, were it not for the tone
Of a wild, dark stream, which wanders on ;
Of which none can the source, or ending see ;
And it seems like a type of eternity.
'Twould silent be, were it not for the wind,
That tells strange tales to the musing mind :—
'Twould silent be, were it not for the croak
Of the raven, perched on the blasted oak ;
For scarcely a bird will come to sing
In this wizard land, at the time of Spring.
Scarce an insect chirps at the twilight's sink,
For there's hardly a drop of dew to drink ;
But as duskier shade on shadow falls,
Forth from the leaning and mouldering walls
Of a weird-like house, old, cracked, and grim,
The bats do flit through the shadows dim.
Where once were doors for the giddy rout,
Arc ragged gaps, where the ghosts pass out ;
And the shades of things long fled and gone,
Cross without noise o'er the threshold stone.
And when the Moon, through her watery film,
Spreads hazy light o'er the haunted realm,
Old memories crowd to the lonely place,
As those, who are left of some ancient race,

To the graves where their fathers' ashes sleep
In a land once theirs, by stealth to weep.

It is crumbling still, but it can't decay ;—
The wind and the rain wear it not away ;
And the elfin echoes about its walls,
Are those tones, as the Past to the Present calls.
There are whispers, too, of a meaning deep,
Only known to Death's half-brother, Sleep ;
Still loitering near the hearth long cold,
And the fallen sepulchres, mossed and old.

Through its desolate halls and corridors,—
Through shattered windows, o'er trembling floors,—
Round many a time-worn battlement,—
Past ivied towers, all light'ning rent,—
In many a crypt, where the loathsome toad
And lizard have found a fit abode,—
(While the day's lone hours go wearily by,
And the gray of sorrow hangs round the sky)—
The voice of an unseen one is heard ;
But the ghosts seldom utter a single word.

When the moonlight, pale, and sad, and still,
Spreads over the mountain, and over the hill,
Where the rocks are piled in disorder rude,
By the mighty spirit of Solitude,—
From a fractured casement one doth gaze
Pensively, silently on the Moon's rays.
A spell-fraught sadness, strange to trace,
Is seen in that woman's form and face,—
There's nothing of hope—but there's memory's woe,
And the shadow of Mystery's dark on her brow ;
And she is the spirit haunting there,
That looks on the mountain's moonlight glare ;

For alas ! once she was the genius bright
Of bygone days, and of past delight !

Of this haunted house in the valley deep,
The porter is Death's half-brother, Sleep :
Those who'd know more of its secrets dim,
At the midnight hour must question him.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

THE traveller oft will recall with delight,
As he treads the wide desert, faint, weary, distressed,
The fount and the verdure engirded with blight,
An Elysian spot, like an Isle of the Blest.

And still as remembrances images all,
Recollection will mingle a sorrow with joy ;
For who a lost pleasure can ever recall,
Without fond regret as the memory's alloy ?

So oft in the waste of the future, to me
These days like an oasis brightly will gleam ;
So still with the sweet recollection, there'll be
A sorrow subduing the light of its beam !

NIGHT.

MAID of the raven looks, and dark blue eye,
How still, how solemn, how sublime thy reign ;

Shedding a dewy influence from the sky
On tree and field, on hillside and on plain !

'Neath thy chaste looks, and in thy holy name,
Day-shunning Guilt, that still the sunlight fears,
Performs his deeds of cruelty and shame,
And this is why thou weepest dewy tears !

The Moon ! the gentle Moon, with fair, pale face,
Throws on the landscape her religious smile,
And lights the silver streamlet in its race,
Its mountain music singing all the while.

Mild, virgin planet, kindly, sweetly bright,
Thou unto his far home among the hills,
With vestal lamp, the wanderer dost light,
To hear the wild, sweet songs of his own rills.

Thine is the charm, the magic charm supreme,
O, Night ! to call by all thy stillness deep,
Potent and mystical, the wizard dream,
That makes a visionary world in sleep.

Thine is the hour, while men are guiled by dreams,
Through the wide city of the dead to rove,
And, by the pale Moon's sorrow-softened beams,
Read names of those, whom we did fondly love.

Thine is the hour, which bids us look far back
O'er life's dark, wildering desert, to the scene,
The flowers, the freshness, songs, and sunshine track,
Where Hope first blessed us—there we once have been !

And never may the weary one return ;
But thine's the hour, with thy soft, dreamy ray,
To light to childhood's many-blossomed bourne,
And home-seenes, Memory on her pensive way.

Thine is the starry hour for sleepless thought
To seek the soul's far, final destiny ;
Thine is th' auspicious hour it may be sought
From her own nature, and bright worlds on high.

Thine is the hour, with a far-seeing glanee,
To trace the future down its mystie way ;
Beyond the boundaries of time advancee,
While the soul struggles with her weight of elay.

Friends have betrayed, and friends are laid in dust,
O ! may I battle still, though left alone,
With heart of patience, fortitude, and trust,
And keep the field until the strife is done !

Communing with thee, Night, O ! may I share
A saered presenee through Day's busy hours,
To cheer amid their labor and their eare,
And guard the heart from dark temptation's powers !

A SONG.

As the light to the flower, as the flower to the bee,
So, even so ! was thy love to me ;
The light flies ; the flower dies ;
The bee hies

Away to its home, and its winter cell ;
And my spirit in darkness alone doth dwell.

As the Spring to the breeze, as the breeze to the Sea,
So, even so ! was thy love to me :

 The Spring goes ; the gale blows ;
 The Sea knows
The strength of the giant invisible ;
And my soul in a winter cloud doth dwell.

As the air to the bird, as the bird to the tree,
So, even so ! was thy love to me :

 The air's dark ; the bird stark ;
 The tree—hark !
'Tis the leaves, which fall with a dying sound ;
And I go to a rest, that is under ground.

SOLITUDE.

TENANT of the ancient wood—
 Comrade of the lonely stream,
While I sing thee, Solitude,
 Lend thine aid ! inspire my theme !

 To some wild and lonely spot—
To some sibyl-haunted grot,
Where the sunbeam wanders not,—
To some fairy's shadowy glen,
Scarcely visited by men,—

To some elfin-peopled grove,
Let my wandering footsteps rove.
To some wizard's lonesome dell,
Where wind-organs loudly swell,—
Where wild, moonlight speetres fleet
O'er the wood-bound, weird retreat,
And the genii love to meet;
And the Dryad, and the Faun,
Dance on the enehanted lawn,
Till by rosy-fingered Dawn,
Day's eloud-eurtains are withdrawn.

Where the stream with singing voiee,
Wandering free, makes flowers rejoiee;
Where the bird its wild-wood song,
Far away from haunts of wrong,
Carols sweetly all day long;
Where the wind, with flower-seents laden,
Seems a spirit sent from Aiden—
Seems a voiee from better days,
Sighing round our lonely ways—
As to call the exile home,
Ever fondly murmuring, "Come,"—
Seems a messenger to be,
Posting to eternity;—
(I will hear it going by
Through the woods, which wave on high;
Watchng white eloud-banners fly
O'er the glorious azure sky;)—
Thither lead my weary feet,
When the tyrannizing heat
Makes the noontide shadows sweet.
There, beneath an aged oak,
Which ne'er eehoed to the stroke

Of the woodman, let me lie,
Pondering on my destiny :
Or reviewing years long fled ;
Or recalling the loved dead,
Till some necromancing power
Binds me in a dreaming hour ;
And lost joys—a laughing band,
Gathered round me hand in hand,
Shall restore the young delight,
That my fancy-colored sight
Once beheld, and years did blight.

Thus I'd pass life's quiet day,
Till the evening calls away ;
And the spirits of the night,
To their starry homes invite.

Once the light of youth's bright time—
'Twas the light of hope in prime—
Mild, and innocent, and gay,
Threw its radiance on my way.
Never saw I in the skies
Half so fair a star arise,
Shedding beams of purest light
O'er this wilderness of night.
Look I forward now, and round,
Where the prospect once was found,
Rocks are rising, sterile, gray ;
Clouds are arching o'er my way ;
The lustre from the skies is gone ;
Lonely I am journeying on.
If I backward look from this,
There is something, that I miss ;—
Confidence in things and men ;
What I felt within me then ;

Buoyancy of heart and hope ;
Courage, energy to cope
With each trial, that might be
In the way, opposing me.
These, and other things, I wis,
As the weary one doth miss,
He would fly the world's delusion,
For the calm of thy seclusion.

OUR SCHOOLHOUSE.

LINES, SPOKEN BY A YOUNG SCHOLAR.

I'LL not make an oration,
Nor will I sing a song,
But rhyme about our schoolhouse,
If you'll not think it wrong.

By hills from view is hidden,
This wondrous place of lore ;
But sure you can't help see it,
When almost at the door.

I at this fount of knowledge
Draw learning from a book ;
And sometimes go for water
Beyond the little brook.

And far away a-rambling
Through meadow and past hill,

To banks and pebbles prattling,
Goes on this noisy rill.

Though rude the scene and rocky,
I love each hill around ;
I love the water's murmur,
'Tis a familiar sound.

When cheerful Spring is welcomed
By Nature's smiling look,
We see the maples waving
Red banners o'er the brook.

O, then ! we build the playhouse ;
And if the weather's fine,
We spread the bright moss carpet,
And there we sometimes dine.

The ever-living laurel
The rocky hill endears ;
Green, like it, be my memory,
My heart unchanged with years !

Youth, like the maple's flowering
Is beautiful and brief ;
But Virtue, like the laurel,
Has an immortal leaf.

Since youth and all its pleasures
Have but a transient stay ;
Be Virtue's charms my option,
They never will decay.

THE SOLITARY.

FAR in the wood, reclined beneath an oak,
Long would he listen to the storm-toned wind;
That on the leaf-keys played, and music broke
From forest organs, sweetest to his mind.

Then hasten where the promontory steep,
Frowning, ascends a thousand feet or more
Above the wavy boundlessness, whose deep,
Re-echoing anthem thunders on the shore.

There oft would watch the Moon for hours at night,
Climbing high up her blue path in the sky,
And far and wide her circles of soft light
Spreading o'er land and ocean silently.

He loved each wild, he loved each lonely place;
He loved the mouldering ruin old and gray;
He loved the forest's shady scene to trace;
He loved the wind's low whispering through the spray.

He long would roam the deep and silent dell,
And gaze upon the mountain's woodland pride;
Pursue the stream, whose shaded waters tell
Old stories to the young flowers by its side.

Then climb the mountain's highest peak, and view
The valleyed scene, the hill, the lake, the plain;
Such were the books that taught him most he knew—
Made his mind great, and left it free from stain.

THE FOREST GIRL.

FROM the woody bowers
On the far-off hill,
Where the shadows stay
Through the live-long day,
So deep and still ;
I come with flowers—
• Bright flowers and fair,
Wreathing a garland around my hair.

Where the free streams flow
With a murmuring sound,
Through the verdant mead,
Through the forest glade,—
Sporting their round ;
I rambling go
With each limpid flood,
Until they meet in the shadowy wood.

Where the dells are deep
In the mountain's heart,
And the waters well
From their secret cell,
And trembling start
At their shining leap
Down the sunny rock ;
There I have been in my lonely walk.

Where the blossoms blow,
Which the wild bee finds
On the mountain rude,
In each solitude,

Where the chainless winds
With free birds go ;—
Of those gems so rare
I bind a garland around my hair.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

How the dreamy wind of the sweet night sighs
Through the willow's locks so heavy with dew ;
In yon green grove's foliage now it dies,—
In yon flower-lamped glade it is born anew !

In yon moonlighted glade the stars of dew
Light the lamps of the bright, young flowers, which
are fed

With oil drawn from the Ether's purest blue,—
They are torches for the glow-worm's bridal bed.

Light the lamps of the flowers, which are fed by you,
Stars of dew, in yon moonlit fairy glade ;
Your oil is distilled from the Air's pure blue,—
Hymen flames for the insects' serenade !

Now the fairies trip from the green, green grove ;
There's a crisp curl of fern on each elfin brow ;
And they sport on the mead ;—'tis an hour for love
To whisper a pure and impassioned vow.

The white Moon is crowning yon distant hill ;
In the sky's pale azure away so deep,
Lo ! the stars are watching, serene and still,—
'Tis a night for dreams—not a night for sleep !

